Rev T Appel DD
31Dec77

The Messenger.

"As the Truth is in Jesus."

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Poetry.

THE GROWING CHRIST-CHILD.

And Thou art growing up, O child Divine!
While on Thy life a daily dying lies;
All things that open on this life of Thine
Are preludes to Thy dying agonies.
God, born of God, Himself He fain would hide
With a mean sire the scorn of human pride;
And He who moulded Heaven's o'er-arching dome
In a poor earthly cottage makes His home.

Hands, that sustain the pillars of Heaven's roof,
Handle the ignoble craft of feeble man;
The framer of the stars, that speed aloof,
Himself becomes a low-housed artizan.
Lo! He who hath the world beneath His feet,
He at whose dread behest Archangels fleet,
And far and wide His Kingly mandates bear,
Is subject to an humble carpenter.

—*Matin Hymn, Paris Breviary.*

Communications.

For The Messenger.

NATURAL AND SPIRITUAL IN HOLY SCRIPTURE.

III.

It is of the nature of light that it illuminates itself, in illuminating other things. Thus illuminated by it, other things seem to prove and substantiate its presence. But they do so really by reflection or transmission only, shining by the very power itself to which they bear witness.

So it is with the sun in its relation to all terrestrial things. And so it is, in far higher view with Him who is the Sun of Righteousness, in His relation to the universal spiritual world. "I am the light of the world," we hear him saying; "he that followeth Me, shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." Life dwells in Him with absolute fulness, and this life is the light of men. Angels and men are nothing, except through what they receive from this fulness, while they have not the least power to add anything to it as from themselves. He is in this way the alpha and omega of the new creation, as well as of the old.

And thus it is, that the great mystery of godliness, comprehended in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ in the world, can never be substantiated and made sure for faith by any evidence outside of itself. This does not mean that there can be no such outside evidence, serving to confirm and uphold the credibility of the mystery. On the contrary, if Christ be true, there must be an endless amount of this sort of confirmation, just as in the world of nature there is no end of like confirmatory proof for the central significance of what the natural sun is, as the fountain of heat and light for all nature. But as in nature, these out-streaming evidences owe all their force at last wholly to the sun itself; so is it also with all the rational or intellectual lights that go to make up what is called the *Christian Evidence*, considered as something apart from the self-illuminating presence of the Lord of life and glory Himself. They are all, in their true character, reflected and refracted beams only of that heavenly splendor, in which He appeared on the mount of transfiguration as "the Son of man coming in His glory." All Christian evidence, whether as miracle, or prophecy, or providence, owes its power of proof wholly to the felt sense of the divine in the person of Christ. Sundered from that, it is, for real Christian faith, of no account whatever. Sundered from that, it sinks to the level of mere flesh and blood persuasion at best, and thus comes short entirely of the benediction, "On this ROCK I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it" (Matt. xvi. 17, 18).

But if the case stand thus with the personal Word, Jesus Christ in the mystery of His incarnation, can it be otherwise with the written Word, in and through which only to the end of time, the mystery of the incarnation is exhibited and made sure for the faith of the Christian Church—the faith, which is thus declared to be stronger than all the powers of hell? On the answer to this question it depends in the end, whether the Bible is to be considered the Word of God at all or not, according to the old Christian view. Does it carry in itself a true divine inspiration, by which it can be taken, like the words of Christ Himself in the days of His flesh, for the living mind and voice of Jehovah, "speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God" in any way of conclusive authority? Does it include in its own supernatural constitution any self-evidencing, self-authenticating, self interpreting power from on high, by which it is capable of being "a sure word of prophecy whereunto men may take heed as unto a light shining in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day star arise in their hearts?" Can it be said to be at all in this sense, like Christ Himself, a medium of real objective communication with heaven, a fountain of holiness and light flowing directly from God, a revelation of celestial wisdom, above all merely human science, and owning with this in its merely natural character no correspondence or fellowship whatever? All this it must be, to be the Word of God. Without this, the doctrine of its inspiration loses itself in a hypocritical myth.

But are we not allowed then, it may be asked, to make use of outside natural knowledge and study, in any form, as a preparatory help to the apprehension and acknowledgment of what the Scriptures are as the inspired Word of God? We are allowed to do so, I answer, only as we have just seen the same thing to be allowable in our central regard to Christ. All things outside of Him, find their true sense in the light which is thrown upon them from His presence; and seen in that relation, they belong so truly to the Christian argument embodied in His person, that it could not be complete without them. But in any other view than this, they can bring no help to that argument whatever. On the contrary, they tend only to the destruction of faith, and not at all to its edification. And just so it is with the central significance of the Bible regarded as the Word of God. It is not an abstract magical wonder in the world. It is intimately correlated with the natural world, as well as with the spiritual world, at all points; and shines out, accordingly, from an environment of facts, which makes room for all sorts of ordinary human learning capable of entering into its service. But no such learning can thus enter into its service really, except by yielding itself lovingly to the inspiration of the Bible, as a truth perceived and owned, in the first place, directly from the bosom of the Bible itself. If any such studies affect to reverse this order, by claiming precedence for themselves in the Christian argument here again, as if *they* had power to prove the inspiration of the Scriptures in such separate, outside way, the result can be nothing less than disastrous for the whole doctrine of inspiration. In all oracles really of God, the divine must govern the human from within. Where the human is allowed to govern the divine from without, they cease to be oracles altogether.

We have, in such view, a class of studies, which go to form what is known and spoken of commonly as an introduction to the study of the Holy Scriptures. They are not concerned directly with the contents of the revelation itself, which is supposed to be contained in the Bible, but serve to open the way toward a right apprehension of what the Bible is as the actual medium of this revelation. They have to do thus with the outward natural side of divine revelation, in distinction from its inward spiritual side. They are concerned in this way with such topics as the credibility of the things recorded in the Scriptures, the authenticity and genuineness of the sacred books, the outward proof of their divine origin, the foundation and authority of the sacred canon, and all that belongs in general to the apparatus of biblical criticism and philology.

As we cannot come to the actual text of Scripture itself, otherwise than through the medium, directly or indirectly, of such outside literature, it is very easy to fall into the notion that this must have power in some way to verify the divine authority of the written Word apart from the voice of the Lord in the Word itself: and that this in truth is the only way in which our implicit submission to the authority of the Word can deserve to be considered at all rational and enlightened. For how, it may be asked, should we bow our reason to the inspiration of the Bible, if our reason be not convinced on sufficient evidence from the outside, in the first place, that it is really thus entitled to our homage? Especially in the case of such biblical science as has just been noticed, belonging to the most exterior sphere of the relations of the Bible to the life of the natural world in which it makes its outward historical appearance, might this dependence of its claims on merely natural conditions seem to be a fair subject for merely natural trial and adjudication. Admitting that when it comes to the direct interpretation of the Word itself, the natural may have no right to exercise dominion over the spiritual, can any such rule, it may be asked, apply at all to inquiries concerning the outward facts of Jewish or early Christian history, the determination of the sacred canon, or the settlement of the true biblical text? Is there not a broad province here, where natural learning and science may be said to come fairly *before* faith in the Bible, and to have an office of their own, preliminary to such faith? Are not scholarly Griesbachs and Alfords required to fix and define exactly what the Bible is, in the first place, and our unquestioning obedience to it to follow then, only as logical sequence to such outside authentication?

If what has already been said of the supreme significance of the divine inspiration of the Word of God be true—this meaning, necessarily, nothing less than the abiding presence of the divine *in the Word*—there can be but one answer to these questions.

No such primacy of the merely natural and secular over the spiritual can be allowed, at any point, in this mystery of divine revelation, without endangering the mystery itself in its very foundations. All things belonging to it in history or nature, out to the farthest extremities of its own supernatural sphere, can appear in their right sense and place only in connection with the life of the Lord in His Word, and so of course only in felt subordination to this also for their proper meaning. They cannot govern the inspiration of the Scriptures in any way; their function is to obey it; and when they fail to do that, they make themselves no better than a nuisance in the Church of God.

We have full right to say, therefore, in this view, nay, we are bound to say, that no question of canonical authority, either for the sacred volume as a whole, or for any particular book belonging to it, ever has been or ever can be so answered in any such merely outside historical way, as to furnish a binding conclusion for Christian faith, apart from the immediate light of the divine inspiration itself, whose perpetual shining in the Word it is alone which can be said to make it truly canonical.

And we have a right also to say, and are bound to say, just the same thing, in regard to any question of biblical criticism, as it is called, which has for its object to ascertain and determine the genuineness of smaller or larger portions of the sacred text. Its conclusions can never be in and of themselves of any binding force, as the object of *faith* in its only true Christian sense. To become of any such force at all, they must be vitally conjoined with the life of the Lord Himself in His Word, which is the only real principle and universal object of such faith to the end of time.

How should it be otherwise with the literature of what we may call thus the immediate photosphere of divine revelation, when we know that Christ is in fact the centre, and substance, and sum of *all* the ways of God in His universal creation; so that the whole creation is to be considered real and intelligible, only by virtue of the light that is made to flow into it and over it forever from this glorious Sun of righteousness and salvation.

J. W. N.

For The Messenger.

THAT SPARE BED.

One of the indispensables in every household, is, the "*spare bed.*" It is to be found in the humblest cot, as well as in the stateliest mansion. Its necessity grows out of the social side of man. We must make provision for our friends and neighbors, when they come to "spend the night with us." The good house-wife would as soon do without her sideboard or cook-stove, as without the spare bed. This bed is usually the best in the house. The bedstead is the costliest, the mattress the springiest, the pillows the fullest and tidiest, the sheets and counterpanes the finest; all of which are arranged with more care and taste than any other bed. And yet withal it is the most uncomfortable bed in the house, especially at this season of the year, when the thermometer ranges from thirty-two above, to five and ten below zero.

No one knows better, what the spare bed is, than the country parson. He has tested its qualities for comfort, and for sleep, on more than one occasion, and he dreads it, as he would a cold-water bath before breakfast in mid-winter; and often has he driven five or six miles home, after service, on a cold, stormy night, in order to keep out of it. More than once too, has he kept "late hours" with a good old elder, or deacon, or lay-member, entertaining him with interesting stories, or giving a chapter or two of the incidences and coincidences, in his ministerial life,—a sort of justifiable strategy, practiced to keep out of that spare bed, as long as possible. But at length sleep overcomes his host, and he nods in the midst of the parson's story, though he may never have been known to sleep in church.

A movement is made to retire for the night, and the parson moves bed-ward, as the dull boy does school-ward, somewhat reluctantly, though for a much better reason. He enters the room assigned him, and there finds the *spare bed.* He hastily surveys the room, and then the bed. The room he finds farthest away from that part of the house occupied by the family. It has no stove, no fire-place, consequently no fire, and the atmosphere in it is all the worse for not having been aired for weeks, perhaps months. As to the bed, it is all that the eye could desire, but not so pleasant to the sense of touch. It is likely that it has not been occupied for the last three months, and this is all the worse. It would have been much better, and much more comfortable if it had been occupied every night, even though it were by a tramp.

The survey is ended, and the parson shakes his head and says to himself, cold comfort this. But there is no way of escape, and he summons up enough courage to "crawl in," and when in, the warm body coming in contact with the icy bed, produces a dampness and chilliness which drives away all sleep, and brings on the shivers. Now the parson is not a believer in the Thomsonian theory, yet he feels, that willing or not, he is under that treatment, and that the wet blanket has been thrown around him.

He spends the night in shifting his position. He turns round, and round, and round, somewhat after the order of the cylinder in a threshing-machine, though not so rapid in his revolutions.

At length the morning dawns, and the parson gladly quits the spare bed, and for once, has no desire to indulge in a morning nap. He gets up feeling badly—stiff and sore—with premonitory indications of a sore throat, but withal, he feels thankful that he has survived the night.

From a sound hygenetic stand-point, we are fully convinced, that the "spare bed" is more conducive to bad health than it is to good health. Many persons have lost their good health and ultimately their lives, by sleeping in spare beds, contracting severe colds, which developed into consumption, or some other form of disease, and thus causing premature decay and death. The writer knew a bright, intelligent young minister, who contracted a severe cold by sleeping in a spare bed, which fell on his lungs, and in less than two years he died of consumption. This doubtless has been the case of many.

MORAL.—Never allow your pastor, nor any one else, to occupy your spare bed, without first airing the room well, and warming the bed clothing thoroughly. This will secure a good sound sleep, and promote health.

ZERO.

For The Messenger.

"THE REGIONS BEYOND."

The observations of Dr. Theo. Appel, Superintendent of Missions, on the above caption, spread before the readers of the MESSENGER last week, are worthy of more than our usual ephemeral notice. I think it is full time that we should put forth our best efforts to give our eyes sufficient elevation, in our Home Mission field, to see over the back-bone of Pennsylvania, and beyond the rivers of the West, and cast them upon the *vast* harvest of the Southwest, now over-ripe for our Reformed sickle. Can we not for once shake off our chronic *festina lente*, and double our slow haste?

Here in Kansas, all our worthy sister churches are well represented, with active pastors and missionaries many of whom already have self-sustaining congregations, the happy result of their earnest missionary societies and active Boards, backed by a willing and liberal membership. Most of these congregations, so far as my observation extends, hold in their organizations much of our Reformed material, that for years past has emigrated hitherward. Many Reformed families are still coming from time to time, to this growing region. They hail from all parts of the East—mostly from Pennsylvania. Many of them are locating in southern Kansas, where we have not *one* organization, nor even *one* missionary, to hunt them up. The best of these members, true to their instincts, for all our people are earnestly taught not to "quit the field" of God's fellowship, communion, and evangelizing work, soon, in the absence of their own Church privileges, find their way into other communions, notably, the Lutheran and Presbyterian. Are they alone to blame for their transit? Have we no mission work in this region? If we have a mission here to perform, are we not physically, morally, and pecuniarily able, *as a Church*, to prosecute the same? If able then, in the name of our blessed Lord and Master, will we not at once wake up and do it?

No other denomination can do our part of this *vast* missionary work, any more than one Christian can do another Christian's *personal* work of grace. You can pray for me, but you cannot do *my praying*. Each one must do *his* or *her* own praying. So in the work of missions, each Church must do her own work, in order to complete the whole Church work, as the great and good Master has designed it. Each family is responsible for the rearing and training of its own members. A poor and shiftless family is *that*, which will suffer its members to wander about at will, and unheeded become estranged from home. We *cannot* and *dare* not nestle down with apparent indifference and complacency, and think all is well enough, when the *best* and *most* hardy of our scattered sheep find good pasture in other fields, whilst the rest of the scattered ones seem to thrive upon the public commons.

We cannot help in all conscience to feel reproached, and in some measure self-condemned because of both estrangements. We must see to it that our good sheep are kept upon our own good pastures, and those scattered over the public highways and commons are brought back into our own enclosures, and fed upon our own superior pastures. Not that we have a religion that is superior to that which our beloved sister Churches enjoy, but we certainly have a more excellent way or method of putting it home to the hearts and minds of our own people. This most, if not all, our people are made to feel.

Brethren, please excuse my plain talk. I speak neither from the rostrum, nor with mitred head; I speak as one who, in common with many other brethren, has for many months been wandering about "beyond the regions" of our own dear Church privileges—often looking back with melancholy longings for the crumbs that fall from our "Master's table" in the Reformed Church East. I speak as a wanderer in the cold, longing for some home bread. I speak *only as the "Spirit gives me utterance."* But says some one, perchance, in his inmost heart, "Am I my brother's keeper?" I beg leave to answer: "His blood even now cries up to heaven" against every Christian reader of the Reformed MESSENGER, not only from these beautiful prairies of Kansas, but even much more from the barren wastes of Colorado; the burning regions of both *old* and *new* Mexico; the sunny lands of Texas, and the intervening Indian Territory, filled with the sombre children of the "Great Spirit," whom they know not how to worship aright. All of these vast regions, "lying beyond," not the oceans, but the hills of Pennsylvania, and the rivers of Ohio, and the farther West, are even now sending up in most *touching, pleading cadence*, the Macedonian cry—Oh do! "*Come over and help us.*" *Will we imitate Paul?* More anon.

L. C. EDMONDS.

Emporia, Kan., Jan., 1879.

Family Reading.

ONLY A WOMAN.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

Only a woman, shriveled and old!
The prey of the winds and the prey of the cold!
Cheeks that are shrunken,
Eyes that are sunken,
Lips that were never o'erbold.
Only a woman, forsaken and poor,
Asking for alms at the bronze church-door.

Hark to the organ! Roll upon roll
The waves of the music go over her soul!
Silks rustle past her
Thicker and faster;
The great bell ceaseth its toll.
Fain would she enter, but not for the poor
Swingeth wide open the bronze church-door.

Only a woman—waiting alone,
Icily cold, on an ice-cold throne.
What do they care for her?
Mumbling a prayer for her,
Giving not bread, but a stone.
Under old laces their haughty hearts beat,
Mocking the woes of their kin in the street.

Only a woman! In the old days
Hope caroled to her happiest lays;
Somebody missed her,
Somebody kissed her,
Somebody crowned her with praise;
Somebody faced up the battles of life,
Strong for her sake, who was mother and wife.

Somebody lies with a tress of her hair
Light on his heart, where the death shadows are;
Somebody waits for her,
Opening the gates for her,
Giving delight for despair.
Only a woman—nevermore poor—
Dead in the snow at the bronze church-door!

TO GO OR NOT TO GO.

A GLASGOW INCIDENT.

Mr. John Dobie held a situation worth 200*l.* a year in the Custom-house at Glasgow, and had held it for fifteen years or more; for he was now about forty years old, and had a wife and eight children. I may not be quite accurate to a year about his age or the time he had been in the Custom-house, but I am sure I am right about the number of his family, and right also in saying that they were all still dependent upon his salary alone.

Mr. Dobie lived in the West End of Glasgow, but not in the fashionable part; his house was as small as would hold his family, and lay in the district called Anderston. For the sake of those who do not know the second city of the empire, it may be explained that Glasgow has for its back-bone one long line of road, running nearly straight from east to west, considerably longer than Oxford Street and Holborn together, with Cheapside to boot. The Custom-house lies on the river-side a little way off this line, at a point near the middle of it, where it is called Argyle Street; indeed St. Enoch's church and the square in front of it occupy all the space between Argyle Street and the Custom-house. Mr. John Dobie's walk, on six days of the week, was one mile on this straight line, ending with a sharp turn to the right through St. Enoch's Square and into the place of invoices, registers, and bills of lading; and on the first day of the week his walk was just the same, except that he had the company of some of his children and his wife, and that he stopped at the door of St. Enoch's Church and went into his pew.

One Saturday night, in the last week of November, some five-and-thirty years ago, there was a press of work in the Custom-house. The clock stood at fifteen minutes past eleven, and was hasting on to mark the close of the week, when Mr. Reginald Crabbe came into the room where our friend was working and bade the porter put fresh coals on the fire. Mr. Crabbe was the head of the department, and recently transferred to Glasgow from London. When Mr. John Dobie heard the order given he lifted his head and said, in a tone of wonder but quite respectfully, "It will be Sabbath morning soon," whereupon other clerks lifted their heads also, looked at the clock and at Mr. Crabbe, and seemed as if they were of the same opinion with Mr. John Dobie.

"What difference does that make?" said Mr. Reginald Crabbe, sharply. Then remembering that he had come into Puritan Scotland, he added, "This work must be finished, gentlemen. But some of you may have scruples, as Mr. Dobie seems to have, about going on to-night, and others may be tired. We shall stop at twelve; but those who don't return at ten to-morrow morning may expect to find their desks occupied by others on Monday."

Nobody spoke after Mr. Crabbe retired and simple John Dobie went home with a heavy heart. Had he done wrong in speaking? He had spoken on impulse, in mere astonishment that the Lord's day was not to be a day of rest; ought he to have held his peace? And what course was he to take to-morrow?

He had by no means settled this question by the time he reached his door. Sometimes the plainness of the command, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," seemed to settle the whole matter; but after a few steps the thought of his wife and eight children upset him, and he began to question whether it might not be his duty to go to the Custom-house rather than to St. Enoch's Church next morning. He thought it almost certain that if he did not, the rigorous new chief, Mr. Crabbe, would keep his threat, and next Monday would see him and his cast on the world. As I said, he was a very plain, ordinary man, slow at thinking, with no force about him; safe enough as long as he was in a steady round of work, but much at a loss when thrown suddenly into any new set of circumstances; and when he knocked at his own door he was rather leaning towards going to his work instead of to church.

His wife ascribed his silence and his anxious look to extra fatigue, and so, to his great relief, she asked no questions. He had an honest, loving heart, and did not wish to disturb her Sabbath rest by suggesting that on Monday the bread-winning might have ceased. While she slept he lay and thought; but thinking was not his strong point, and he made little of it. Even when he thought of God and his Saviour, his ideas got hazy and his feelings perplexing, for he was weary and stunned, and the little sleep he had before morning was not very refreshing. He prayed, however, and honestly committed his way to God, and went through the regular family worship with his household as usual. Some peace came after that, yet he had by no means made up his mind; and during the hour that he was alone while his wife was getting herself and the bairns ready for church, all his perplexity came back. Only now he leaned rather toward going to St. Enoch's as he had done every Sabbath for many years, and taking the risk of what Monday would bring forth. He sat with his Bible before him and remembered having heard of persons who had been led out of trouble by finding suitable texts, and wished that such a text would come to him. But, though he shut his eyes and prayed in a confused plaintive way for guidance, no such decisive text came to him; and he was relieved when Mrs. Dobie and the children appeared ready for the walk to church. One thing Mr. John Dobie had done, he had dressed for church, not for business. It was a small matter, but it was something; he could not have put on his office coat without deciding in favor of Mr. Reginald Crabbe, and that he would not do, as yet.

The temptation was working away vigorously in his heart as he walked along Anderston and Argyle Street with his wife on his arm and four children in front, even although he tried to keep up conversation; and when they came to the turning at St. Enoch's Square the struggle became violent. A dozen times he had arranged with himself that he would accompany his wife to the door of the church and there tell her, when there would be no time for argument, that he must run into his office; and a dozen times he had felt that, if he did so, he would have a bad conscience and would have no right to expect the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ to rest on him any longer. As he entered the Square, he had a vision of a starving family at home and of a stout man in a shabby coat and patched shoes going about Glasgow seeking work; and, on the other hand, as he crossed the Square, he had a more distinct feeling than any he had yet had that God would somehow help him through if he did what was right. He could not in the very least imagine how; but he trusted God and went into his pew, without any one except the Searcher of hearts having any knowledge of his feelings.

There was nothing remarkable about the prayers or the sermon that last Sabbath of November, 1845; but Mr. John Dobie was rather astonished to find how easy his mind became. For once the idea suggested itself to him that he had better look in at the Custom-house after the forenoon service; but he found it not nearly so difficult to dismiss that idea as it had been to put on his Sunday coat in the morning. He went home with his wife, returned to St. Enoch's in the afternoon, and conducted the evening worship with his children almost as usual. The worst time was when he was alone, and, after that, when he was in bed, recalling the deeds of the day. The deed was done and could not be recalled; whatever the consequences might be, he must abide by them. His conscience was certainly more at rest, but his heart and head were sadly troubled. He could scarcely hope that Mr. Crabbe's bark would prove worse than his bite, so that it was probably not worth his while to go to his work on Monday. Still, he thought, it would be best to go and learn his fate, and then come home to tell the sad story to his wife.

There was little sleep for John Dobie that night, and his walk to business next morning was sufficiently miserable. When he reached the Custom-house, lo! his desk was waiting for him as he had left it, and not a word was spoken. He found out that his fellow-clerks had been there yesterday, but they treated him just as before, perhaps with a shade more of respect. He did not see Mr. Reginald Crabbe till Thursday, and then not the slightest reference was made to the affair of Saturday night.

When the worthy man went home to tea, his heart was very light, and his wife was glad to see him looking himself again; but he gave her no reason for the change. He thought once to tell her, but when he thought again, there was nothing to tell. It was only a fright he had had, and he was ashamed of how near his weak heart had been to giving way. He had rather groaned than prayed; it was wonderful how God had helped him. But there was nothing to talk about.

Indeed, Mrs. John Dobie, who was just as plain a person as her husband, only with a comelier face, never knew anything about it till some months had passed, and then John could not help telling her; for in May next Mr. Reginald Crabbe asked Mr. John Dobie to come into his private room. "Have you heard, Mr. Dobie, of the situation vacant at Greenock? and do you think you would like its duties?"

"Yes, Mr. Crabbe, I have heard of it," was all that Mr. Dobie could answer. He knew of the death by which it was made vacant, and he knew that it was a place of trust, with a salary of 350*l.* a year. The thought had just crossed his mind how pleasant such a salary would be, but he had instantly reflected how thankful he ought to be to God that his own salary was going on all right.

"And do you think you would like the duties?" said Mr. Crabbe again, rather wondering that no answer had been given to that part of his question.

"The work is, I understand, sir, not so heavy as here, but the responsibilities are greater. Certainly I would like the duties, and I think I could perform them faithfully."

"That's just it, Mr. Dobie. If you are not afraid of the responsibility, I have much pleasure in saying the appointment is yours. We must have a man there with a conscience, and I know you are one who can be thoroughly trusted."

Mr. John Dobie that evening committed the extravagance of riding home in an omnibus, not that he was recklessly discounting the future, but because he was in haste to tell his wife of the approaching removal to Greenock. And when he was doing that he could not help telling her how it all came about.—*The Sunday at Home.*

A MOTHER AND HER BIBLE.

The mother of a family was married to an infidel, who made a jest of religion in the presence of his own children; yet she succeeded in bringing them all up in the fear of the Lord against the influence of a father whose sentiments were opposed to her own. This was her answer: "Because to the authority of *father*, I do not oppose the authority of a *mother*, but that of *God*. From their earliest years my children have always seen the Bible on my table. This holy book has constituted the whole of their religious instruction. I was silent that did they propose a question, I might allow it to speak. Did they commit a fault, did they perform a good action, I opened the Bible, and the Bible answered, reproved or encouraged them. The constant reading of the Scriptures has wrought the prodigy which surprises you."—*Rev. Adolphe Monod.*

HABITUAL NOVEL-READING.

We must caution the present generation, especially our young women, but not them alone, of the dangers of excessive and habitual novel-reading. Bad stories, or those that breathe a bad spirit, or those which present fascinating pictures of vice and sin, that hold the fancy more strongly than the moralizing that tries at the end to nullify the evil influence, should be wholly avoided; and even the best novels should make a very moderate proportion of our reading. The ready tendency is to read mainly for excitement, and the novel is the prevailing tipple of those of our young people who are not given to dram-drinking. The quality that makes this tipple is most sought by the rank and file of novel writers and readers, and its delight is in the monstrous more than in the beautiful, and its essence is not sense but sensation. See and shun its bane before it is too late and the inebriation is a settled habit. The mischief enters into the whole of life, and robs the reason of its light and the conscience of its right. It debauches private life by putting sentiment in the place of principle, and substitutes impulse for fidelity. It takes away the foundation of personal and household happiness, and gives fancies and air castles in return for its fair promises and fond hopes. Its inflation is as bad in private life as financial inflation is fatal in public policy, and the irrepressible yellow cover of romance is the other side of the irredeemable greenback of repudiation. With this word of caution a word of encouragement should go. We must encourage our people, both clergy and laity, both men and women, to keep and cherish whatever belongs to the real human mind and heart in their good and true and beautiful developments, and to claim as part of their birthright all the genuine poetry and romance, all the fancy and imagination, the pathos and humor that belong to the masterpieces of art, and come to us from the providence and the Spirit of God.—*New York Times.*

THE DINNER OF HERBS WHERE LOVE IS.

A good wife stood by her casement brown,
And mused through her falling tears,
Of the endless round of a work-a-day life
And its dun and wearing years;
And she sighed, "Ah, me! life's songs and flowers
Are never for such as I;
But through verdureless meads and moss-grown springs
My pathway ever must lie."

And lo! from over the brow of the hill,
Their sweet faces kissed by the sun,
To that low, brown house, by the tasselled pine,
A troop of children run.
They cling to her neck, they climb on her knee,
They rehearse all the sports of the day;
And their childish troubles they pour in her ear,
Sure that mother will charm them away.

Ah! what are the songs and blossoms of life
But its garlands of girls and boys?
And no hours are barren, no homes unblest,
That number these priceless joys.
Refreshed, she stoops for her burden again,
And lo! it had grown light;
It rose like the lark that spurneth the earth,
And, singing, soars from our sight.

She stood again by that casement brown,
As the setting sun gilded the eaves,
And the farmer a-weary came toiling home,
With his fragrant burdened sheaves;
But in the glow of her radiant face,
All forgotten were hours of care,
For he said; "Toil is sweet, when those we love
The fruit of our labor share."

HEARTS OVERWORKED.

No organ in the body is so liable to be overworked as the heart. When every other part of the body sleeps, it keeps on its perpetual motion. Every increased effort or action demands from the heart more force. A man runs to catch a train, and his heart beats audibly. He drinks wine, and the blood rushes through the reservoir faster than was ever intended by nature. His pulse rises after each course at dinner. A telegram arrives, and his heart knocks at his side. And when any one of those "excitements" is over, he is conscious of a corresponding depression—a sinking or emptiness, as it is called. The healthy action of all the members of our frame depends upon the supply of blood received from the central fountain. When the heart's action is arrested, the stomach, which requires from it a large supply of blood, becomes enfeebled. The brain, also waiting for the blood, is inactive. The heart is a very willing member, but if it be made to fetch and carry incessantly—if it be "put upon," as the unselfish member of a family often is—it undergoes a disorganization which is equivalent to its rupture. And this disorganization begins too often nowadays in the hearts of very young children. Parents know that if their sons are to succeed at any of those competitive examinations which have now become so exigent, high pressure is employed. Hence young persons are stimulated to overwork by rewards and punishments. The sight of a clever boy who is being trained for competition is truly a sad one. The precocious, coached-up children are never well. Their mental excitement keeps up a flush, which, like the excitement caused by strong drink in older children, looks like health, but has no relation to it; in a word, the intemperance of education is overstraining and breaking their young hearts. If in the schoolroom some hearts are broken from mental strain, in the playground and the gymnasium others succumb to physical strain. "It is no object of mine," says Dr. Richardson, "to underrate the advantages of physical exercise for the young; but I can scarcely overrate the danger of those fierce competitive exercises which the world in general seems determined to applaud. I had the opportunity once in my life of living near a rower. He was a patient of mine, suffering from the very form of induced heart disease of which I am now speaking, and he gave me ample means of studying the conditions of many of those whom he trained both for running and rowing. I found occasion, certainly, to admire the physique to which his trained men were brought; the strength of muscle they attained; the force of their heart; but the admiration was qualified by the stern facts of the results." But, indeed, it is not by overwork so much as worry and anxiety that our hearts are disorganized. "Laborious mental exercise is healthy, unless it be made anxious by necessary or unnecessary difficulties. Regular mental labor is best carried on by introducing into it some variety." Business and professional men wear out their hearts by acquiring habits of express-train haste, which a little attention to method would render unnecessary.—*Chambers's Journal.*

ANCIENT EGYPTIAN LINEN.

The long linen bandages in which the ancient Egyptians swathed their mummies, after the lapse of 3,000 years are frequently found in an excellent state of preservation, though much discolored with age. A recent writer on this subject says: "The beauty of this texture and the peculiarity in the structure of a mummy cloth were very striking. It was free from gum or resin, or impregnation of any kind, and had evidently been originally white. It was close and firm, yet very elastic. The yarn of both warp and woof was double, consisting of two fine threads twisted together. The woof was single. The warp contained ninety threads to the inch, the woof or weft only forty-four. The fineness of these materials, after the manner of cotton yarn, was about thirty hanks in the pound. The subsequent examination of a great variety of mummy cloth showed that the disparity between the warp and woof belonged to the system of manufacture, and that the warp had generally twice or thrice and not seldom four times the number of threads in one inch that the woof had."

We have one of these wraps or shawls now in our possession, one that had never been used. It was taken from a package that was found in an ancient tomb or undertaker's vault in the mountains near Thebes, and is in perfect preservation, a beautiful specimen of linen, though somewhat discolored.

Useful Hints and Recipes.

BEEF LOAF.—One and one-half pounds of beefsteak chopped very fine, and free from gristle; two cups of rolled crackers (fine), one cup of cold water, one-half cup of butter, salt and pepper to suit the taste, bake till done.

HICKORY NUT CAKE.—Two tea-cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one cup of thin cream, three and one-half cups of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted through flour, six eggs beaten separately and one pint of chopped hickory nuts.

APPLES AND BACON.—Cut some nice sweet bacon into thin slices and fry almost to crispness. Have prepared some greenings, pared, cored and sliced, and fry in the fat left in the pan from the bacon. The bacon should be kept hot until the apples are ready, when they should be taken and placed upon the slices of meat.

WASHING AND DRYING DISHES.—Do not have flannel or woolen dish rags, as they retain the grease, and so keep putting it on instead of taking it off. Old towels are the best for this purpose, and they should be washed and boiled as regularly as the napkins and towels themselves. Fine china should never be put into hot water, as it spoils the enamel.

TO MAKE MATS FOR THE TABLE.—Take small sticks of walnut and pine; plane them down to one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness, and one-half inch in width. Place them alternately and glue to a piece of heavy cloth. They can be cut round, square, diamond-shaped or any other pretty way, and when varnished, make quite a pretty ornamental mat.

STEWING—Stewing differs from boiling only in this, that the heat is never raised to the boiling point, but only to a very gentle simmering, with a very small quantitity of water. It requires a much longer time to cook in this manner, but in stewing the texture of the meat is rendered more tender, the gelatinous parts are completely dissolved, and instead of a considerable part going into the water, as in boiling, the whole of the juices are preserved in the stew, which is therefore very nutritious. Stewing is therefore one of the best modes of cooking, and it is also one of the most economical, for a very small quantity of fuel, properly applied is sufficient to keep up the required simmering for a great length of time. The constant practice of stewing is one of the secrets of the perfection of French cookery. The enamelled or porcelain-lined stew pans are much superior to the old-fashioned metal ones for most purposes. They should always be filled with water immediately after being used, and will then merely require to be well washed and rinsed with more boiling water; but when they have been neglected, strong soda and water should be boiled in them for a few minutes.

Miscellaneous.

THE FIRST SNOWFALL.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The sun had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn,
Where a little headstone stood,
How the flakes were folding it gently
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spake our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, what makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-Father,
Who cares for us all below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow
When the mound was heaped on high.

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from the cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that hnsheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall."

Then with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister
Folded close under deepening snow.

AN IMPERIAL HOME.

You happen to have a friend among the personal attendants of the Kaiser, who shows you the royal apartments. Those of the Emperor are simple enough. Two large plain rooms, covered with India matting and simply furnished in dark sober-looking walnut. By his bedside stands, before a *priedieu*, a silver crucifix with ivory Christus, the late gift of his father, the late Archduke Franz Karl, on his first communion, as the inscription at its base tells you, and which always accompanies him on his travels. On his writing-table are lying some coarse Virginia cigars—for he is an inveterate smoker—and on a shelf above is a well-worn military cap, and a few books in several languages. Among them you remark two or three in English, for his Majesty is an accomplished linguist. A long corridor divides these rooms from the apartments of the Empress, still, in spite of her rising family of grandchildren, a celebrated beauty. Here is imperial splendor enough. Antechambers filled with choice exotics, Louis-Quatorze furniture in white and gold, rooms in rose and blue and pale-green silk, Aubusson carpets, gilded mirrors, curious cabinets, and, what most attracts your notice, a very fine collection of water-color drawings of Tyrolese scenery. In one of the ante-rooms is lying, on a deer-skin mat, a huge full-blooded English mastiff, a great favorite with her Majesty, and her companion in all her journeys. He is supposed not to be proficient in German, at least the Empress may often be heard talking to him in English of the purest accent. This royal and imperial hound has a special attendant devoted to his service, a gayly-dressed Moor, sent as a present to the Empress by the Viceroy of Egypt, after his last visit to Vienna. As you leave the villa you notice a large swing with which the royal children amuse themselves, and grazing in a paddock are some half dozen Hungarian mares, who furnish the Kumiss for the Empress' delicate chest.

The flash of a chasseur's white plume comes in sight, and a moment after their Majesties drive past you on their way home, in a low open carriage, drawn by a pair of grays. A tall, spare man, of soldierly bearing, in the light blue uniform of an Austrian General, who does not look much over forty, though he is nearer fifty, with sandy hair cropped close to the head, and turning an iron-gray, regulation military whiskers and mustache, small restless gray eyes, and the blunt features and heavy thick lips which distinguish the Hapsburg family. This is the man whom, thirty years ago, a bloody revolution called to the throne of Austria. His uncle, the late Emperor Ferdinand, forced to abdicate, named his nephew, then a youth of but eighteen, as his successor. That he long held in check the clashing elements and bitter jealousies of the half-dozen nationalities which compose his dominions says much for the patience, tact, and dogged spirit of hard work which have carried him through difficulties and dangers where a man of more brilliant ability and impulsive character would have failed. He is master of six European languages, and wins the hearts of his subjects by addressing deputations from Hungary and Bohemia, from Austrian Poland and Croatia, each in their mother tongue. In spite of his almost proverbial misfortune in war, he is personally very popular all over the Empire, and no one who witnessed the enthusiastic welcome he received as he drove through the brilliantly illuminated streets of Vienna on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession, could doubt as to the place he holds in the hearts of his people.

At Ischl the Emperor rises with the sun, and after a cup of coffee and Kipfel starts off in an old undress uniform jacket and a foraging cap, with a thick stick for a companion, on a solitary hour's ramble in the woods. Towards 8 the imperial courier arrives from Vienna, and some time is spent in attending to despatches and papers of State; for Francis Joseph holds the strings of two or three portfolios in his hands, and is anything rather than a crowned puppet. Then, if the weather be fine, he breakfasts with the Empress and his children in a pretty garden pavilion, which commands magnificent views over the valleys of the Ischl and the Traun. At 4 he dines, generally en famille. Prosaic and matter-of-fact as the Emperor looks, there is a touch of romance about his marriage. The Empress Elizabeth is his cousin. Her elder sister, now Princess of Thurn-Taxis, was destined for the imperial throne. But the young monarch, on going to Munich to visit his intended bride, was so struck with the beauty and charms of her younger sister that after a ball at the Schloss of her father, Duke Max, he presented the simple young Bavarian princess, then a mere girl of sixteen, with a bouquet, telling her that she was thenceforth Empress of Austria and Queen of Bohemia and Hungary.

Chamois-hunting and deer-stalking are the chief out-door amusements of the Court at Ischl. The beaters start long before dawn, and the game is driven past the Emperor and his party, stationed at given spots in the woods. The courtiers, courtier-like, always yield his Majesty the *pas* and leave him the first shot, which may perhaps have something to do with the numerous trophies of the chase which adorn the Kaiservilla. With a good glass the chamois can often be seen climbing high up on the rocky patches among the pine-covered mountains round Ischl. But a solitary hunting expedition with no companion but his favorite Jagar, rifle in hand, deep into wooded mountains and solitary valleys which stretch round the imperial domain in every direction, is more to the Emperor's taste. Dressed in the rough costume of the Tyrol, they will often make excursions of two or three days duration, staying the night at some distant chalet where the only fare, but the game they bring with them, is goat cheese and milk, with black-looking bread, the rank of their guest being sometimes quite unknown to the peasants who gave him shelter.

On a wet evening, when the little theatre is opened, you may often enough see the Emperor there. And a quaint sight it is; the Director of the small provincial company receiving the royal party at the door with a pair of lighted candles, which shake rather visibly in his hands, and an apology for evening dress. There the Emperor, still honored with the lighted candles even in his box, will sit for an hour or two listening to screaming farces and renderings of *Trapezunt* and *Gerolstein* which would amaze M. Jacques Offenbach if he could but hear them. Sometimes he will drive with one of his equerries or the Crown Prince Rudolph—the late Archduke Franz Karl, his father, was often his companion at such times—to some little out-of-door cafe, a mile or two from Ischl, and sit for half an hour under the shady trees sipping his coffee and smoking his long Virginia cigar among the little throng of chance visitors with all the Gemuthlichkiet in the world. He is saluted with quiet respect; for the Austrians never mob royalty like an English crowd. On Sunday the Court always attends mass in the pretty village church, and none more devout than his Catholic and Apostolic Majesty.—*London World.*

THE VIA SACRA.

The excavations in the valley of the Forum at Rome have now disclosed the whole of the Via Sacra between the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina and the Arch of Titus, with the buildings that lined it. Some of these buildings were already known; nothing, however, was known as regards the parallelogram between the Via Sacra, the base of the Palatine Hill, the Forum and the Arch of Titus. A great mistake was made by old topographers, who placed in that narrow strip of land the temple and atrium of Vesta, the Regia, the Temple of Jupiter Stator and the house of Tarquinius. The parallelogram in ancient days contained only a line of commonplace buildings of brick strengthened at the corners with blocks of travertine. The fronts of the buildings receded a little from the line of the street, and the space thus formed was filled with honorary monuments. Among these monuments are noticed the following: A pedestal for a bronze statue, raised A. D. 389 by Fabius Titianus, consul and prefect of Rome; a pedestal for a statue, raised A. D. 335, to Constantinus by Flavius Leontius, prefect of Rome; a kind of small triumphal arch (or shrine) made at the expense of the inhabitants; the pedestal of an equestrian statue raised very likely to one of the Constantines; some fragments of the *Fornix Fabianus;* a fragment of the *fasti triumphales*, from the year 643 to 649; the victories mentioned are those in Macedonia, in Western Spain, and in Numidia, and King Jugurtha is expressly named.—*New York Tribune.*

THE VULTURES OF VERA CRUZ.

The black vultures called *zapilotes*, are an institution of Vera Cruz. Tame as domestic fowls, they circle about singly, in pairs and in great flocks; roosting upon the towers, cupolas and housetops. They act as the scavengers of the city, cleaning the streets of offal and refuse, and, in fact, descending upon anything edible within their reach. They quarrel with hungry dogs for the possession of a bone, uttering many guttural protests during the struggle, and clinging pertinaciously with beak and talons to their end of the prize. They haunt the fish market when the sun has begun to do its work upon the finny merchandise, and steal surreptitiously up behind the vendor, when his head is turned, to abstract a fish. Their expression, when detected before the theft takes place, is that of unimpeachable innocence. They seem to say, "Oh! I won't take anything; I'm simply looking on." No one is allowed wantonly to destroy them, five dollars fine being the penalty for shooting or otherwise killing a *zapilote*. Those within the city walls are of the species known in the Southern States as the carrion crow (*cathartes atratus*), though two other kinds exist upon the coast—the common turkey buzzard, with plumage of a more sombre cast and red on neck and legs of a livelier tint, and the king vulture, monarch of the tribe. One of the most common roosting places of the vultures are the crosses on the church towers, and the sight of three of these black coats perched upon either arm and on top of those white emblems forms a novel if not cheerful spectacle; one involuntarily thinks of the crucifixion and the two thieves.—*New York Evening Post.*

BABYLON AS IT IS.

At Babylon, Mr. Grattan Geary, editor of the *Times of India*, who has recently published a book on Asiatic Turkey, found the people busily quarrying bricks from the old buildings for sale at the neighboring town. Of the site itself and the impressions it creates, he writes:—

"It is usual for travelers to dwell upon the utter desolation of Babylon, and to paint its site as a strip of desert, especially woe-begone and unfertile. But the eloquent gentlemen who dwell upon this aspect of the place could not have seen it in the middle of April. The date groves and gardens along the banks of the Euphrates are then things of beauty in their fresh spring verdure, and the plain itself is laid down with crops. Irrigation canals cross it here and there and give trouble to the horseman. No grass grows upon the mounds, and there are patches of the level white with the nitre which is to be found here as in other parts of Mesopotamia; but the surface of the soil is on the whole green and pleasant to the eye. The glad waters of the river flow on in the bright morning sunshine, with palm and mulberry hanging over its banks, drinking in sap and life. The great city which counted its population by millions, and filled the world with a renown not yet forgotten, has disappeared under the dust of twenty centuries, but nature is as fresh and jocund as when Babylon was still unbuilt. Birds sing overhead in the pleasant spring air; butterflies flutter about in search of flowers; balmy odors regale the senses. It is difficult, under the circumstances, to feel as one perhaps ought to feel for the great capital which once cumbered this ground. Nature does not mourn for it, and it is hard to be sad at the bidding of sentiment when the bright spring hides its grave."

Be at work. Do what you can. Weep with them that weep, if you cannot relieve them. If you cannot give gold, give personal service. Teach children if you cannot instruct men. Be a support to the household, if not able to be a pillar of state. Be a lamp in the chamber, if you cannot be a star in the sky. Gladden the circle of home, if you cannot illuminate a city. Talk to the few, if you cannot save a world, try to lead at least some one soul to Christ.

Selections.

God gives us ministers of love,
Which we regard not, being near;
Death takes them from us, then we feel
That angels have been with us here.
—*James Aldrich.*

The humble man, though surrounded with the scorn and reproach of the world, is still in peace, for the stability of his peace resteth not upon the world, but upon God.—*A' Kempis.*

There are men in the world who wear a girdle of fret, as trying as any friar's, to annoy themselves. They fancy that in such experience is to be found the highest fulfillment of religious duty, and the truest expression of this world's probation.—*Rev. Stephen H. Tyng.*

There seems to me a great truth, in any exile, or chaos whatsoever, that sorrow was not given us for sorrow's sake, but always, and infallibly, as a lesson to us, from which we are to learn somewhat, and which, the somewhat once learned, ceases to be sorrow.—*Carlyle.*

There is no surer way of producing unhappiness than by thinking wholly of ourselves. Looking at our own pains and misfortunes, studying all the failures we have made, and the slights we have met, we sink into a moody condition of selfishness that makes happiness impossible. The joy of life comes with the contemplation of that which is outside. When we look abroad to the beautiful world and trace God's goodness and power in its creation and management, and when we give ourselves to such work and care as shall help make it still more beautiful, then, and then alone, will we secure the gratifications that are foretastes of the coming blessing.

He that has no love of God, no large spiritual affections, no share in the unsearchable riches of Christ, no sympathy with his brethren, is, in fact, "wretched and miserable, and poor and blind, and naked," and shall one day find out that he is so, however now he may say, "I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing." He only is truly rich who is rich toward God—who is rich in God—who has made the Eternal and the Unchangeable the object of his desires and his efforts. He in God possesses all things, though in this world he were a beggar, and for him to die will not be to quit, but to go to, his riches. *Trench.*

Saviour, thou knowest the souls that are dreary,
Songless and sad as these desolate stones;
Hearts that would welcome Thee, yet are too weary,
Voices that give Thee but sorrowful tones;
Thou art the bringer of hope to the cheerless,
Thou art the giver of peace after strife;
Teach them to cling to Thee, trusting and fearless,
Lord of their life!

Come, as the healer of hearts that are broken,
Come when our sunshine is wintry and pale;
Hearer of pleadings that never were spoken,
Thou art the same, and Thy love cannot fail;
Enter the chambers that light has forsaken,
Bring back the gladness of earlier days,
Come, and the joy of Thy presence shall waken
Songs to Thy praise.
Sarah Doudney.

Science and Art.

POISONOUS HAIR RESTORERS.—A recent analysis of twenty-one popular hair "restorers" and hair dyes now in the market showed that fifteen of them contained poisonous quantities of lead.

SPECIFIC GRAVITY OF SMOKE.—Smoke is not, as many persons imagine, lighter than air; it is, however, carried up by the heated air, which being lighter than the surrounding atmosphere, is pressed upward. Smoke ascends because it is intermixed with vapors, gases and warm air.

PAPER BRICKS AND BARRELS.—A manufactory of paper bricks has been opened in Wisconsin. The bricks are said to be exceedingly durable and moisture proof. They are also larger than the clay article. Paper is now also used for making barrels. Straw pulp is run into a mould made into the shape of a half-barrel cut vertically. The ends are of paper, protected by wood. The barrels are lighter and two-thirds cheaper than those of wood, and flour will not sift out of them while in transit. The staves are three-eighths of an inch thick.

SPONTANEOUS GENERATION.—Professor Tyndall has communicated to the British Royal Society the results of some further observations on infusions boiled in flasks afterwards hermetically sealed. He took with him to the Alps last Summer 100 tubes of infusions—50 containing turnip, and 50 containing cucumber infusion. Twenty flasks were broken in transit. The 80 remained pellucid, and the 20 were turbid with organisms. A number of the 80 flasks had their ends opened in air in which sawdust had been shaken up, and all were soon turbid. Another set were infected by water of a cascade derived from melting snow, and in three days were thickly charged with organisms. Another set were opened in pure air and remained transparent. These results confirm Professor Tyndall's previous observations.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.—Are photographers aware that the electric light can be produced without either a steam or a gas engine? Yet such is the case. It has been found by the aid of a large fly-wheel, which can easily be driven by one man, a degree of rapidity and power can be obtained quite sufficient for utilization in the production of the electric light. A large "machine" requires, of course, a powerful motor; but a machine of moderate power will suffice for the requirements of the photographer who desires to make use of it in the production of portraits or enlargements. I am aware of a machine of this kind having been constructed by an amateur mechanician, and it answers well. What is now wanted is a machine of similar power, that can be obtained in the usual course of business at a moderate price all complete. —*British Journal.*

A BURIED FOREST.—It has been recently discovered that an oak forest lies buried in the Valley of the Fulda, near Rosenburg, Hesse Cassel, Germany, at a depth of from six to nine feet below the surface. The wood flourished at a very remote period. The greater number of the trees discovered were in good preservation; but, owing to the action of the water through unnumbered ages, they have become thoroughly black in color. They have also become very hard and close, so that they would be good material for carving and ornamental cabinet work. Some of the trees are of great size; one taken out of a gravelly portion of the bed opposite the village of Baumbach, and since sent to the Geological Museum at Berlin, was 59 feet long, nearly five feet in diameter near the root, and about 38 inches at the top. Even larger specimens have been found. It is reported that the furniture and fittings of the Geological Museum at Martinsburg are to be made from this long buried timber. It is not yet decided whether those buried oaks belong to a species still existing or to an extinct one.

Personal.

Dr. McCosh lately stated at Pittsburgh, that Princeton College had received $2.500,000 during his administration.

In his annual message Governor Bishop, of Ohio, recommends that the Legislature makes new laws to prevent grave-robbing.

M. Gambetta is warmly supporting the projects on foot for girl's colleges in France, where the education of females is said to be at a low ebb.

Miss Blanche Nevin, who received the award for furnishing the statue of Muhlenberg for the Capitol at Washington, will, we learn from *College Days*, soon go abroad in the interest of the important work before her.

Mr. J. Blair Scribner, senior partner of Chas. Scribner & Sons, publishers, New York, died on the 20th of January, at the early age of 28 years. He was a man of culture and fine business qualities, but fell a victim to "overwork."

Five noble and wealthy English girls are about to take the veil, all having considerable fortunes in their own rights. They are Lady Edith Noel, daughter of the Earl of Gainsborough; the Hon. Constance Howard, sister of the Marchioness of Bute, two daughters of Hon. Maxwell Stuart, of Traquha, Peebleshire, and the youngest daughter of Mr. Blount, of Mapledurham.

An Episcopal clergyman in Massachusetts, who is described as a "most estimable" man, has just died, and the cause of his death is said to have been "a brave effort to save the property of his parish." A note fell due, its collection was pressed, and the rector went about from place to place begging the necessary amount. The result was a painful illness, and then his death.

Books and Periodicals.

THIRTY-THREE PRACTICAL SERMONS; by JOS. A. SEISS, D. D., Pastor of the Church of the Holy Communion, Philadelphia. Author of "Lectures on the Gospels," "Holy Types," "Ecclesia Lutherana," etc. Philadelphia: G. W. Frederick, 1879.

These sermons were originally published in the Pulpit Department of the *Lutheran and Missionary*, of which Dr. Seiss is the editor. They have been taken from the columns of that paper, and reprinted from the same type, which accounts for the form in which they are given in the book before us. But this is really no objection to them; on the other hand the author has shown wisdom in availing himself of work already done, to place them within the reach of the public without incurring great additional expense. Every thing that Dr. Seiss writes, shows the marks of carefulness, and his sermons are above the average discourses of the day. Those in the volume before us are very practical and cannot be read by any earnest person without profit.

A SELECTION OF SPIRITUAL SONGS with Music, for Church and Choir. Selected and arranged by Rev. Charles S. Robinson, D. D. Scribner & Co., New York.

The publishers of this work have certainly done their part well, for the book is very attractive in its outward form. Good paper, clear type, cloth binding, in short the best material skillfully handled, has made a pleasing volume. Even the tinted paper—lining of the lids, and the fly leaves are beautifully illumined with texts bearing on sacred song.

The collection of Hymns is far above the average of those presented in these days, when of the making of books of song there is no end. They are not arranged according to the church year, but the subjects are well emphasized with reference to the Person and work of our Lord, and the scheme of salvation in the Christian Church, and in this is an advance upon what we see in other quarters. Besides the metrical hymns, for some of which the music of two tunes is given, the book contains many well-known and beautiful chants, without which no work of the kind would be regarded as complete. Thus the Gloria Patri, Te Deum, Gloria in Excelsis, Venite Exultemus, Deus Miseretur, Responses after the Decalogue, &c., are given. The selection was made for a few pastors, who desired it for their Churches, but it will be used beyond the congregations that first called it forth, although it can hardly be expected to take precedence in Churches that have prepared works of their own.

WIDE AWAKE for Feb., 1879. WIDE AWAKE for February opens with a piquant frontispiece, "Kiss Me, Katie," drawn for Col. Hayne's poem of that title, by Mary A. Lathbury, who is also illustrating Mrs. Catherwood's cheery serial, "The Dogberry Bunch." Mrs. Lucy Blinn follows with a pathetic valentine story, "Aunt Ruth's Valentine." "Some Children's Books in Old Times," by Sarah Loring Bailey, is an entertaining account of some old primers, accompanied by several very quaint illustrations. Rev. I. L. Beman has a stirring story which needs no pictures, of "A Pioneer 'Wide Awake.'" Mrs. Clara Doty Bates has a breezy poem, "The Wind's Mistake," with a fine drawing by Miss Humphrey, who also illustrates the beautiful story of "The Red Bird's Secret," by a Southern writer, Tarpley Starr. The second paper in S. G. W. Benjamin's attractive series, "Our American Artists," describes the prosperous career of A. F. Bellows, and, besides portrait and studio view, gives us an exquisitely engraved copy of one of the painter's delicious New England landscapes. The chapters of "Royal Lowrie's Last Year at St. Olave's" in this number are sufficiently exciting to appease the most exacting of school-boys, while they do not picture too strongly the injustice sometimes practised by big boys at school toward the smaller fellows. Mrs. Lillie, in her "English Literature" paper, tells a host of curious things about Pope and about Lady Mary Wortley Montague. The new story, "Don Quixote, Jr.," who is our old friend Miltiades Peter Paul in armor, begins delightfully, and there is a paper about Sévres china, and one about "My Pets," and several poems, and then at the last there is a grand sixteen-page supplement, all about Dogs, with an interesting Natural History treatise by Ernest Ingersoll, followed by several good original Dog stories, all true.

Only $2.00 a year. Ella Farman, Editor. D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. No. 1806.—January 25, 1879. Contents: Prince Bismarck, *Fortnightly Review;* A Doubting Heart, *Advance Sheets;* Contemporary Literature, *Blackwood's Magazine;* Sir Gibbie, *Advance Sheets;* The Vicissitudes of Titles, *Gentleman's Magazine;* Character-Drawing, *Saturday Review;* Poetry: God's Call to Rest; Consolation; Companions; Miscellany. Published every Saturday by Littell & Gay, Boston.

The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Rev. S. R. FISHER, D. D., Rev. T. J. BARKLEY, Rev. A. R. KREMER, } Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the *business of the office* on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

☞ We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

For Terms, see First page.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1879.

A PLEA FOR THE REVIEW.

We confess to a great interest in the *Reformed Quarterly Review* under its new name and mission, and our notice of it when the January Number appeared, was brief only because we thought its claims upon the Church would be more advanced by calling attention to the editor's article on the subject, than by any thing we could say. We think, however, that the *Review* deserves more attention than the mere mention it receives, often in haste, when the successive issues leave the press. Especially is this the case now, when a new and different chapter in its history is opened, and when the Church will look to its tone as largely indicating the spirit and thought of those, who may be said to give expression and direction to the animus of our denominational life.

It may be perfectly natural, that some should regret the change from the former title; for people of strong attachments are reluctant to give up an old house for a better one which their necessities have compelled them to build, or even an outgrown garment for one better adapted to the person. One cannot always get rid of the consciousness, that he appears differently, and perhaps to disadvantage in the eyes of others, in the new garb, and it may take some time for him to feel comfortable in it, but changes may be improvements for all that. Even the worm must escape its chrysalis, and if men are to have a history there must be an advance in their lives. They cannot afford to lie forever upon a Procrustean bed, or move "round and round" in the same eddying circle through all time.

The years through which the *Review* has passed have been years of conceded earnestness; years of honest inquiry in the midst of misapprehension and reproach. Those who now look upon the issues with which it has grappled, find that, in the main, it has only anticipated questions that have since been forced upon other minds; and come to conclusions, which others have adopted, because later developments have shown the true ground of Christianity, as over against blind submission to authority on the one hand and spiritual libertinism on the other. Upon this general subject, we think, most men in our Church will be found to agree. And whatever minor points of divergence may have arisen among them, by reason of various standpoints from which things were viewed, or misunderstandings or grievances supposed or real, it is now felt, that prejudice laid aside, the differences are not as wide as some have supposed them to be; and that in any case they are not to be overcome by persistent and repeated assertion of opinions in the ears of those, who either accept them already or are not willing to listen to them at all, after the old manner of statement.

This has been felt for some time, and readers of the *Review* have noticed, that subjects which were dwelt upon formerly with great emphasis, have not been made nearly so prominent during the last year or two. There has been a disposition to treat more of questions which are engaging the thoughts of the Church and the world at large. And so, independent of what is known as our "peace movement," the *Review* was changing its utterances, because there was no longer any use for the re-assertion of old points. But the peace movement has opened the way for making the *Review* a general church organ; leaving the dead past with its spirit of contention to bury its dead. The conviction prevails, that the questions which divided the Church, need not be opened again with the view of pronouncing judgments upon them, even if in time they should be discussed in the interest of scientific truth or of practical piety. As an earnest of what may be expected from this feeling, and as an evidence of what can be done, we cite the fact, that those formerly representing both tendencies in the Church, have lately contributed to the *Review* with acceptance to all, and that its pages are now read on all sides with more interest than ever before. This looks as if a new era were dawning upon the Church, and as if the *Quarterly* were about entering upon an enlarged sphere of usefulness.

What the Church wants, is to make the *Reformed Quarterly Review* a strong well supported periodical, and that this may be accomplished, there should be not only an acquiescence in what has been done, but an honest united effort to triple the subscription list, and to make the contents of the work answerable to the demand for advanced Christian thought.

"AFTER CHRISTMAS."

This is the caption under which Rev. Dr. R. Taylor, writing for the *Presbyterian Journal*, enters his protest against the celebration of Christmas. He says it would have been risky to say a word on the subject, except in its favor, while the tide was at its flow, but now that it has ebbed, he seems to think the Christian world ought to be calm enough to ask where it is drifting to. So strongly has the current set in in favor of the festival, that "one writer, belonging to a branch of the Church that has not been accustomed to observe Christmas, speaks of it as 'this most Christian day.'"

He wants to know what this means, and after stating that the great mass of Protestants regard it as purely and entirely secular, in which he is wrong if he means to say that the majority of Protestants have not marked it with Christian observances ever since the Reformation; he argues against it on the old line, that no one has been able to determine the day of the birth of Christ. The time of that event, in his view, has been hidden by Providence, like the body of Moses, just to prevent the celebrations which have become so common. The argument proves too much. For it might be used against the Christian Sabbath, which was settled by the Church just as the canon of the Scriptures was, and might, according to his reasoning, be disregarded, because its hours in China are different from those on this side of the globe.

One of our Presbyterian contemporaries, the *Interior*, marked the Christmas festival, with a beautiful special number, and although others of them entered a caveat against the day being intrinsically holy, whatever was meant by that; they yet took occasion to bring to the minds of their readers, the Nativity of our Divine Lord, as the highest occasion for Christian joy. Dr. Taylor himself, does not object to the custom of making presents, but seems to wish to dissociate it from the world fact, which it is helping to impress upon the people. Things that are useful, he thinks, may be given to children and servants, and even to older people, "But," he asks "why not take the first of January, a day that ever marks an important era in our lives, if we must have one day in common for all, instead of Dec. 25th, which cannot be shown to be most Christian in any respect?"

This is a strange proposal in the way of improvement; for besides the fact that the first of January does *not* mark an important era in our lives, that day is liable to the same objections as the 25th of Dec. It has not always marked the beginning of the year, and is not so regarded now among all people. If Dr. Taylor adopts the "Old Style," he must go to Julius Cæsar for his authority; if he falls in with the "New," he must take the order of Pope Gregory XIII. and is about as churchly as any one who makes the 25th of December the day, on which he especially rejoices over the advent of his Lord. The one, to say the least, has been determined and sanctioned by the same powers, that determined the other, and be that as it may, the attempt to change it would be as futile and *useless*, as to alter any other accepted date, on the ground of doubtful chronological accuracy.

The object of the writer seems to be to de-christianize Christmas. His idea seems to be, Give your gifts if you please, but do not think of the great Gift of God, when you do so. Yet people will have their holiday on the twenty-fifth of December; it is too late to prevent that, and if we would take away the Christian element that enters into it, we would not make things better but worse.

PUBLIC EXECUTIONS.

The public sense of propriety was greatly outraged by the scenes and incidents that attended the execution of Benjamin Hunter, in Camden, New Jersey, some weeks ago, for the murder of John M. Armstrong. There was nothing to mitigate the offense of the criminal, whose act was premeditated and whose motives were sordid, except it might be the plea of insanity, which, however, his distressed family could not induce his counsel to offer, and there was in this case no mawkish sympathy with the man, no effort to lionize him as a martyr or to make the occasion a theme for the display of grace. But the inexcusable, bungling manner in which the man was put to death, and above all the conduct of the motley crowd permitted to witness the transaction, has called for the just condemnation of all who are interested in public morals. By far the largest number of persons admitted to the place of execution, seemed to be drunken rowdies, who swore, smoked segars, and uttered trivial and coarse jests, unappalled by the dread scene that was going on before them.

We are glad to see it intimated, that the Legislature of New Jersey has taken steps to prevent the repetition of such scenes, and we are especially glad that almost every respectable paper in the land has denounced the indecencies, to which we have referred. Executions seem to be almost an every day affair now, and there is no community however retired, in which there may not be necessary vindications of the law of God and man; and it would be well if public Christian sentiment would utterly condemn the morbid curiosity, which makes men anxious to witness such revolting spectacles. People, with instincts so brutal that they can find any kind of satisfaction in looking upon them, should be rigidly excluded; for the effect has been found to be demoralizing. Those who have read anything about the scenes of Newgate, Old Bailey and other prisons of England, in past years, know that men become familiar with the worst crimes and are hardened rather than shocked by the extreme punishment visited upon them.

For this reason, too, the more public executions in this country have been discontinued. The gaping crowds that were attracted by them, usually indulged in drunkenness and excess, and communities felt the harmful effects for a long time afterwards.

It is sad enough when officers of the law have to see the sentences of the courts carried out, and painful enough for ministers of the gospel to exercise their Christian functions under such circumstances, but the spirit of gossip which leads those who have no duty in the matter, to press forward anxious to see and hear every horrid thing, is unhealthy and should be suppressed. Men and women of refinement know this, and they should impress the fact upon their children.

A SUGGESTION TO PASTORS.

If you have a twelve-year-old in your congregation, who has written a composition on the Beauties of Nature, or a Eulogy on George Washington, or a "poem" on *any* subject, tell him that it is worthy a place in the columns of the Church Papers. If only the spelling is good, remember that any average editor ought to make up all deficiencies in prosody and syntax, and rest assured, that however that may be, the thoughts in the essay will be so fresh that bad grammar will be overlooked as a secondary consideration. You might have the village Lyceum pass a vote of thanks for the distinguished effort of the boy and ask a copy for publication. Then volunteer to forward the production with the resolutions of the society yourself, accompanying it with some remarks about the way it will please the youngster and his parents, who are wealthy and influential. Meanwhile it would be well to tickle the vanity of the old folks, by telling them what they have a right to expect in recognition of the genius of the lad, and when the paper comes to hand with the part of Hamlet left out, you will have an opportunity to blaze away at an editor, and to ask, "What are Church Periodicals for?"

By following this advice you may succeed in placing the man who has charge of the paper in a delicate position towards those he may know and whom he would like to gratify, if duty to all concerned did not stand in the way. You may make him feel as you yourself feel, when an old acquaintance, backed by your personal friends, comes to you as a book agent and asks you, not only to take a work which you have neither disposition nor money to buy, but also to impose the annoyance upon your parishioners by a ministerial endorsement. And you may disaffect people towards the paper and embarrass its work among those who may think it was established to minister to the conceits of individuals and families. But take care, lest while you think you are only oiling your machinery, and paving your way to popularity, you may not be sowing dragons' teeth that will spring up as armed men and put you to death in the end.

LIBERALITY.

In a former article, we endeavored to illustrate the nature and excellence of true liberality by a very remarkable Old Testament example (Ex. 36). There is also a New Testament example, equally remarkable, and well worthy the consideration and study of every one who bears the name of Christian. It is written in (2 Cor. 8: 1–9,) and is perhaps the best discourse that has ever been delivered on Christian liberality.

Liberality and charity are not just one and the same. For if they were, then we would be obliged to give this discourse of the apostle a lower place; for it is by no means equal to his master piece on charity (1 Cor. 13). Charity, or love, is there set forth as one of the cardinal and essential graces, and chief among them all, the crown and essence of faith and hope. There may be liberality without charity: "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor—and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." True liberality is the offspring of charity. The latter is fundamental and absolutely necessary in the Christian life and character; the former springs from it, may exist in the smallest degree, or may be cultivated to an almost unlimited extent. Liberality, if it be of the right kind, is the expansion of the inward grace of charity into activity in good works beyond itself, sometimes reaching forth, like the Sun's rays, to the utmost regions where its good offices are desired and needed. It is charity externalizing itself thus in liberality—doing good, heartily and cheerfully, by giving alms and in other ways—that St. Paul so highly commends, and for which he praises the churches of Macedonia.

Now what did these people do that was so remarkable? Why this: that without any urging by the apostle, or any one else, they were willing of themselves to give of their substance for the support of the poor and distressed Christians in Judea; that they gave not only according to their means, but even beyond their means; that they did not plead poverty and the heavy losses they sustained through persecution as an excuse for not giving; but that, poor as they were outwardly, they nevertheless entreated the apostle to receive their gifts, and make effectual their share in the ministry to the saints, by taking or sending it to Jerusalem. No wonder the apostle held up the liberality of these people as an example to the Corinthians.

Let any one who professes to be a Christian read and seriously ponder this lesson from Macedonia; let the whole church give it earnest attention; let its truth be impressed on the minds of all Christian people—then so-called begging in the church will soon come to an end. Then our seminaries will be filled with beneficiaries, our missionaries will all be paid, and every mission station will be occupied. Then—when people do their duty willingly, and give from love to God and man—there will be near at hand the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. More of this in our next article. K.

THE PEW SYSTEM.

A correspondent in last week's MESSENGER gave us a communication on the subject of renting pews, which was vigorous enough, to say the least of it. The question he raises is an open one, with the advantage on the side of free churches, as a matter of principle; but our correspondent does injustice to his own argument by calling the pew system "nefarious," and taking for granted that the issue is one of "revenue" over against "souls."

While the plan of selling or renting pews has some advantages, it involves serious objections; but none so great as to make us think that the spirit that first suggested, and now continues it, must of course be set down as sordid. It certainly had its origin in a necessity growing out of a defect in spontaneous and systematic giving to the Lord, and was intended at first to "supply ways and means," as well as to make families feel at home in the church; and although some have made their legal rights a plea for exclusiveness; yea, although speculators have hired popular preachers and turned churches into stock-jobbing concerns, we doubt whether Christians generally have had the mercantile feeling, of which our esteemed correspondent complains.

The fact that our Saviour said nothing about revenue, when He declared that there was joy in heaven over the sinner's return, will not do. Revenue is not the first thing, but God has ordained that the ministry should be supported, and the man, who truly gives himself to Christ will bring his substance with him; but our correspondent's argument would hold equally well against contributions to the Lord's cause in any way.

We doubt very much, whether the spirit that makes any one refuse to accept a place kindly offered in a church, because his misfortunes have rendered him unable to pay for it, always shows true manliness. It *may* have false pride, or at least morbid feeling at the root of it, and we say this, fully aware of the keen sensibilities of those who cannot do as was their wont in such matters. False humility keeps many away from the sanctuary in the very time of trial, when it would be better for them to accept the Christian sympathy, which meets them in good faith.

Doubtless the apostolic plan of giving would be best, and it is not impracticable, if men have right hearts and minds; but we do not know, as things are now, that all the financial inequalities of the Church would be done away with simply by the sudden and entire abolition of pew-rents.

AMONG THE ALPS AND APPENINES.

Prof. J. H. Dubbs, of Franklin and Marshall College, at Lancaster, Pa., delivered a lecture on this subject in Christ Reformed Church of this city, on Green Street, below Sixteenth, on Friday evening of last week. The large church was well filled with an intelligent and appreciative audience. The lecturer gave a full and comprehensive, but graphic account of the places he visited, and of what he saw, during a late tour through Europe, especially in the regions of the Alps and Appenines. There were many very fine passages in the lecture, and it was especially distinguished for the tact displayed in selecting the most salient points, and presenting them in a manner which did not fail to please and attract. The lecture occupied about two hours, yet the interest of the audience was well kept up to the close. The Professor furnished abundant evidence of the fact, that he belongs to that comparatively small class of travellers, who turn their time to good account, and readily take in the best of all that is to be seen, storing it up for future use and profit. F.

THE GUARDIAN.

We have room only to say that the February number of the "Guardian" was sent out to its subscribers in good season, and furnished them with a considerable variety of interesting reading matter, both in the General and in the Sunday School department. In the former, besides a number of items and an article on "Rural Life in Russia" furnished by the editor, and several excellent selections, we have a poem on "The Infancy of Jesus," by the Rev. D. Y. Heisler, and an article entitled: "Up to London," from Edwin A. Gernant; and in the latter, besides the usual Scripture Lessons for February, with comments upon them, and a number of choice selections, the editor furnishes a very sensible article on "Good Instructors and How to Secure Them." The number has much about it, to commend it to favor. F.

"SUNSHINE."

The numbers for February, of this little paper for young children, were mailed to subscribers last week. We regard them as an improvement on those for the previous month, and have reason to believe, they will be well received. We can still supply new subscribers with the numbers for the month of January, if desired. F.

Among the Exchanges.

The *Spectator*, discoursing upon "Theology and Morality," puts things in a light to which Pessimists should not shut their eyes. It says:

"Nothing seems to us more contrary to fact than to say that in modern Europe theology is virtually 'retiring from interference with the visible world, and drawing upon the bank of the future.' Mr. Lyall refers, we suppose, to such movements as those which have separated or attempted to separate Church and State in so many lands. In fact, however, the greatest force pressing on that separation has been *not* secularism, but theology itself. Ultramontanism in Rome, for instance, has been one of the greatest of these forces, not, of course, because it desired the separation, but because it desired a freedom of action which could not be obtained without that separation. Dissent in various fervid forms, *has been another of those forces.* And such dissent has always had for its motive the desire to carry out the dictates of a scrupulous religious conscience more freely than, according to the Dissenter's idea, it can be carried out when trammeled by State interference. To say that the partial secularization of the government of so many States has impelled the retirement of theology from the direction of public affairs, is a monstrous blunder. Nowhere has the secularization occurred so completely as it has where it has been due, not to the dwindling away of religious motives, but to the paramount sway of religious motives—claiming to operate, however, *not* through a Government, which could only recognize a *caput mortuum* of religion common to all its most widely separated citizens, but rather to operate separately, through the individual consciences of each member of the State. If the Government can no longer avow specific theological motives for what it does, it is because there is much more, not much less, of theological motive in the minds of the people who control the Government.

Governments are less religious because people are more so, but in ways so diverse that they cannot make Governments their organs—cannot, indeed, find any common organ for all their different views. And though this is a frank admission that theology is so divided against herself that no one theology can in any sense be said to have command of the Christian morality of Europe, it is very far indeed from an admission that morality is dispensing with theology altogether in the sense which Mr. Lyall's language requires. On the contrary, there never, we believe, was a time when popular morality was so inward as now, so much guided by the belief in divine sanctions, so persuaded that there is some personal and spiritual leading at the bottom of all the political and social questions of the day—a leading in which men claim, indeed, the liberty to determine for themselves, but once so determined, think it sin and shame not to follow. Christianity, in becoming more of a life, has undoubtedly become less of a doctrine, but the very fact that it has become more of a life means that, so far as regards that doctrine of divine love and care for human morality on which it stands or falls, it has lost no power even as a doctrine."

[Communicated.]

AN EXPLANATION.

In the MESSENGER of January 15th, an article headed "Minutes of the Pittsburg Synod,' contains some remarks, which seem to apply to the Reformed Mission at Cumberland, Md., but they do not.

No parsonage has been bought, nor is there any rent paid for the pastor. A friend of the congregation has bought a beautiful cemetery of three acres for $1,000, and deeded it to the Trustees of the Reformed Church, with the condition, that he be allowed to sell lots for graves, at $15, to members of the Reformed congregation and at $25 to other persons, until he shall have received in this manner these $1,000 with 6 per cent. interest thereon. Now about half an acre will make one hundred lots. Suppose half an acre should thus be sold to cover the entire cost of the cemetery, more than two acres would still remain for the congregation without costing it a single cent.

The selling of lots to members cannot be called an expense to the congregation, because a lot in the city cemetery costs $50, a single grave $10, and the digging of a grave $5. It is plain, therefore, that the congregation itself does not pay nor run any risk for their cemetery. This friend and benefactor of the congregation is also succeeding well, so far, in reimbursing his outlay.

The only thing that is embarrassing to the small and poverty-stricken congregation is the early settlement of a debt of $2.500 on the church, which was bought for $5.500, not by the congregation, but by a committee of the good old Westmoreland Classis, at present in the Pittsburg Synod. Now had the cemetery not been thus brought within reach of the congregation, the future would be anything but promising. As it is, however, the members can rely upon the good judgment of business men, who say that the cemetery must bring a valuable revenue to the church at no distant day. If the present debt can not be paid soon, this revenue will aid, in time, to supplement the amount raised by the members struggling for freedom from debt, with the help of the Lord, through His blessed board of Missions. S —s.

[Communicated.]

THE ALLENTOWN FEMALE COLLEGE.

The Allentown Female College recently entered upon the second session of its collegiate year, under very favorable circumstances. The Principal, Rev. W. R. Hofford, and teachers are diligently engaged in their several spheres. The department of music is acceptably filled by Miss Koch, a member of the Reformed Church of Carlisle, in place of Miss Andrews resigned. All work together harmoniously and are in full sympathy with the reigning spirit of this excellent educational Institution. The number of boarders is already as large as it was last session, and the probability is, that one or more students will shortly be received

The feeling of strangeness, so difficult to overcome in many other places, is soon lost by the young ladies coming here. The College offers the comforts of a Christian home to its pupils. Good care is taken of their health; proper opportunity for out-door exercise is afforded, and the boarding is excellent. We are happy to be able to make a favorable report of all the little things and big things necessary to the effective working of an Institution of this sort. The Allentown Female College deserves the favorable recommendation Synod gave it at its last meeting. Its course of instruction is thorough and Christian, and compares favorably with that of the older female seminaries of our land.

What the Allentown Female College will, however, constantly need to ensure its prosperity in the future is the continued and enlarged support of the Reformed Church. It will need the daughters of the Church, just as the daughters of the Church need it. The pastors and elders of the late Synodical Convention at Easton, pledged themselves to give the College not only a courteous notice, but their cordial support. The resolutions, endorsing the College and commending it to the Church as a suitable Institution to which to send our daughters, were adopted with a unanimous *aye* This is the action of the Synod; now let the pastors and elders give the action continuity; make it known; bring the College before the people in the Church papers; the social circle, and from the pulpits. This is not doing too much for a good cause—for the higher education of our daughters.

The Church rejoices in the history of the College during the first ten years of its life just passed. Its second decade will widen the good influences already set in motion. The moulding power of its peculiar life is already making itself felt for good in many families and congregations. Enlarge, therefore, its field of usefulness, give your daughters to the College, lend it your influence and cordial support. And if you now have money to spare for a noble cause, or wish to remember a worthy object in your last will and testament, do not forget that the Allentown Female College—the daughter of the Church—deserves all that Christian hearts and hands can devise and do in its favor.

LAMBDA

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

On Monday evening, the 20th instant, a number of the members of Bethany congregation made their pastor, Rev. D C. Tobias, of Litiz, Pa., a surprise visit. They came in sleighs, and brought with them and left at the parsonage, quite a number of articles useful in a family. The occupant of the stable also was not forgotten. After enjoying themselves for a short time, engaging in singing and social intercourse, they retired, manifestly well pleased with their visit. The pastor also, as they were about returning home, made a brief address to them, expressing his gratification at their visit, and returning his cordial thanks for their kind interest in himself and family.

A series of very interesting services were recently held in the Mount Zion charge, Northumberland county, Pa. The pastor, the Rev. Z. A. Yearick, furnishes us the following account of them:

On Christmas morning an early service was held at 6 o'clock in the Turbutville church. Notwithstanding the extreme cold weather, there was a large congregation present. The history of the Saviour's birth and childhood was read by the pastor. An excellent address was delivered by the Rev. J. K. Millett, of McEwensville. The people returned to their homes edified and glad that they had gone, before the dawn of day, to the house of the Lord, to begin their Christmas joys.

Christmas evening was the occasion of great joy to the children. The church was overcrowded. The decorations were very simple. Over the pulpit was formed an evergreen shield with a dark background. In the upper part of it was arranged, in gilt letters, the sentence: "Joy to the world, the Lord has come" In the lower part of the shield were suspended, in a group, a gilt cross, crown and anchor. The Christmas tree was in its place bearing the gifts for the children. The exercises of the evening consisted in music, recitations, Bible class colloquy and dialogues, all adapted to the occasion. The offering of the school for the orphans amounted to about $15.

On Sunday, the 5th inst., the Lord's Supper was celebrated at the Strawberry Ridge church. The services were continued during the whole of the week previous, beginning on Tuesday. The catechetical class met each morning for instruction, and in the evening the congregation assembled for divine worship. Twenty-three were added to the church by confirmation and one by renewal of profession of faith.

During the following week services were held at the River church.

On Sunday, the 19th inst., the Lord's Supper was celebrated at Turbutville. The services were continued during the week previous in like manner as at the Strawberry Ridge church. The pastor was assisted in these by the Rev. J. K. Millett. Sixteen persons were added to the church, ten by confirmation, five by certificate, and one on renewal of profession. At the October communion seven were added, making in all during the last pastoral year, an addition of twenty three to this congregation.

During the progress of these various services in the different churches, the pastor was very kindly remembered by the people. Many of the substantials of life were either given to him, when visiting their families, or taken by them to his home. He was made the recipient of a neat and useful piece of furniture, a German Student Lamp, and an elegant new sleigh. This evidence of the goodness and kindness of the people has cheered his heart and encouraged him to go forward in the service of the Lord.

Rev. James I Good purposes, during the approaching Spring and Summer, to make an extended tour through Europe, Palestine and Egypt. He will start out about the last of February, and be absent about six months. His pulpit will be supplied during his absence by the Rev. James Neill. The congregation, which has been prospering under his ministry, regrets his expected absence, but will follow him with their kind wishes and prayers, that his life may be preserved and he permitted to return with invigorated health, and increased zeal and activity in the cause of the Divine Master. Rev. Dr. D. Van Horne, pastor of the Reformed Church on Race street below Fourth, expects to accompany him.

SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

Twenty persons were added to Trinity Reformed church, Waynesboro', Pa, Rev. F. F. Bahner, pastor, on the 19th instant, seven by confirmation, ten on renewal of profession, and three by certificate.

The Altoona *Evening Mirror* of the 17th instant, announces, that the Rev. A. C. Whitmer has tendered his resignation as pastor of Christ Reformed church of that place, to go into effect on the 1st of April next, which has also been accepted. The resignation was offered with a view to enable him to accept a call from the Mifflinburg charge, Union county, Pa., recently vacated by the resignation of the Rev. G. E. Addams. The *Mirror* adds: "Mr. Whitmer has served his pastorate here and won the heartiest esteem of all whom he has met, in and out of his church. There cannot but be great regret at his determination to leave this charge."

The Rev. A. J. Bowers furnishes a full and graphic account of the Christmas festival, as observed in the Mill Creek charge in the Valley of Virginia, of which the Rev. B. R. Carnahan is pastor. We make the following extract:

After referring to the revival of interest in the Christmas festival generally, among various religious denominations, in different sections of the country, and especially in the Valley of Virginia, and the invariable presence of the Christmas tree, he adverts particularly to this increased interest as developed in the Reformed Church in that section of the country. He then proceeds:

But to what shall we attribute the growing interest manifested by our own people here in the *religious* celebration of the Christmas festival, and how shall we account for this lively appreciation of the Christmas tree as the most beautiful and most expressive symbol of those blessings, which that greatest of events, the Saviour's birth, confers on the human race? Doubtless much is to be attributed to the influence of our Church literature in this direction, but more, we think, to the faithful labors of our pastors in this locality. They are called to teach, both by precept and example, on this point; the shepherd must, in this respect too, go before his sheep and lead them into the green pastures of the joyous Christmas festival. And that requires *work*—not merely study and meditation, the preparation of sermons and addresses on the subject; but, what is more, a great deal of care and bodily exertion. When only the favored few have ever seen a church festooned or a Christmas tree trimmed, and still fewer have ever assisted in a work of this kind; when the great body of the congregation cannot help, though ever so willing because it does not know how, because the knowledge, taste and skill requisite for such work have not been previously developed and cultivated, there the chief burden devolves upon the pastor. He has to be man of all work. He not only has to originate the designs and superintend their execution in person, but he has also to perform a good part of the work with his own hands.

Now, among the faithful, self denying ones of our Valley, who are laboring hard to revive the time-honored customs of the Reformed Church in connection with the Christmas festival, the good pastor of the Mill Creek charge deserves honorable mention. Owing to the persevering efforts of the brother, two Christmas celebrations were had in the Mill Creek charge this year—one at Grace church, on Christmas eve, and one at St. Mark's church, eight miles distant on the evening of Christmas day. Both of these churches were very handsomely—one of them, Grace, somewhat elaborately decorated with evergreens and mottoes, and beautiful Christmas trees, ladened with gifts for the children, and made brilliant by their hundred lights, added lustre and meaning to the scene.

Appropriate services were held: Reading of the Gospel and Epistle for the day, prayer, addresses by the pastor and writer, interspersed with sweet music produced by the choirs and children. The gifts caused many little hearts to leap with joy, and we were glad to see that the pastor and lady were not forgotten by the good people of the charge. It made them feel that their labor was appreciated.

The most gratifying feature of these celebrations was the lively interest manifested in them by the Christian community in general, and especially by the membership of the Reformed Church, and the intelligent apprehension of their significance as symbolical of the great fact which the Christmas day commemorates. All seemed to feel the power of the great event as they never had seen it before—seemed to feel themselves nearer than ever before to Bethlehem and the manger, and, as it were, to be listening in wrapt wonder to the song of the heavenly host. Thankful joy and delight were depicted on every face, and that quiet peace and satisfaction which words cannot express seemed to pervade the hearts of all.

All seemed to realize that there is a feast of good things more refreshing to body and soul than the choicest meats and wines—a feast for the humblest and simplest, as well as for the noblest and highest, surpassing the richest banquets of kings, and that this feast is to be found in the house of the Lord on those great festival days, on which the Church commemorates the great acts of the Redeemer's life. And doubtless the good pastor too felt amply rewarded for all the anxiety, care, trials, and privations, which the preparation for the Christmas celebration cost him. May the Lord bless the pastor in his labor of love and his good people. May the Spirit of Christ lead them into all truth - lead them to seek the truth as it is in Jesus is the prayer of one permitted to share these Christmas festivities!

WESTERN CHURCH.

Appropriate services were held on Christmas in the church at Astoria, Illinois, of which the Rev. J. S. Shade is pastor. On the following Sunday, nine catechumens, were confirmed, two of whom received adult baptism, and two are heads of families. Among the number confirmed are two children of the sainted Rev. John Stoneberger, who organized the church here and labored in its interests until death removed him to the Church triumphant in heaven.

The post-office address of the Rev. J. S. Shade has been changed from Astoria to Summum, Fulton county, Illinois.

At a recent communion held in the church at Akron, Ohio, of which the Rev. E. P Herrbruck is pastor, twenty-seven persons were added to the church; seventeen by confirmation, eight by certificate, and two by renewal of profession The occasion was one of more than usual interest and solemnity, and the congregation has about it all the elements of prosperity.

In connection with a late communion held at the close of a series of two weeks' services, in the Union charge, Baltimore, Ohio, of which the Rev. W. H. Sandoe is pastor, seven persons were added to the church; four by confirmation, one of whom received adult baptism, two by renewal of profession, and one from the Baptist Church.

Thirteen persons were added to the church at Fremont, Ohio, of which the Rev. J Richards is pastor, in connection with a communion held on the 12th of January by confirmation. The congregation is growing in interest as well as in numbers.

Rev. Wm. M. Andrews, of Reedsburg, Ohio, has resigned his charge, the resignation to go into effect on the 1st of April next.

Three persons were lately added to the church at Basil, Ohio, of which the Rev. G. H. Leonard is pastor.

A new church edifice erected at Jefferson, Ohio, was dedicated to the worship of God on the 5th of January. The pastor, the Rev. F. F. Christine, being unable to procure aid from brethren from the Reformed Church, was assisted in the services by the Rev. Mr. Parks, of the Presbyterian Church.

Twenty persons were added to the church at Miamisburg, Ohio, of which the Rev W. McCaughey is pastor, in connection with a recent communion season, twelve by confirmation and eight by certificate. The pastor was assisted in the services by Rev. S. B. Yockey, of Xenia, Ohio.

At a communion held at Sugar Grove, Ohio, by the Rev. Wm. Gilpin, three persons were added to the church, two by confirmation, who also received adult baptism, and one by certificate. F.

NOTICE.

There will be a meeting of the Sunday School Convention of Tohickon Classis at Lower Saucon church, Feb. 4, at 7 o'clock, P. M There will be three sessions, Tuesday evening, Wednesday morning and evening. The essayists have been informed by the Secretary of the subjects to be discussed.

It is hoped that all the members will be present. Those coming by N. P. R. R. will please report at the parsonage in Hellertown not later than 4 20 P. M.

A. B. KOPLIN,
Pres. Convention.

ALMANACS FOR 1879.

The Reformed Church Almanac for 1879 is now out and ready for distribution. They may be had from our Publication Rooms, 907 Arch St., Phila, at the following reduced prices.

1 dozen copies	$0 65
50 copies	2 50
100 "	4 75
144 "	6 50.

When sent by mail, 12 cents per dozen will be added for postage. A specimen copy sent by mail on the receipt of 8 cents in postage stamps.

It will be found an excellent affair, and contains a large variety of matter calculated to impress upon the minds of Christians the duty they owe to God and to the Church. Not a family should be without a copy.

GERMAN ALMANAC.

We have procured a supply of the German Almanacs from the German Publishing House, Cleveland, Ohio, which will be sold at the following prices: A single copy sent by mail on the receipt of 12 cents in postage stamps 1 doz. 90 cts., to which 17 cents must be added for postage, when sent by mail. When fifty or more copies are ordered, and they are sent by express, 7 cents per copy will be charged.

Married.

On the 23d of January, in the Reformed Church, by the Rev. Conrad Clever, Henry Graeff to Miss Louisa Kistler, both of Columbia.

Obituaries.

DIED.—Near Erwinna, Bucks county, Pa., on the 13th of January, 1879, Sallie, infant daughter of Hugh and Sarah Lutz, aged 1 year and 14 days.

DIED.—January 5th, 1879, at Bath, Pa., Mr. John Hoffman, aged 80 years, 4 months and 9 days.

Mr. H. was a worthy member of the Reformed church at Bath. He was baptized in infancy by the Rev. Fred. Wm. Vandersloot, and catechised and confirmed by the Rev. J. C. Becker, D. D. He leaves a widow and a number of children and grandchildren to mourn his departure. M. A. S.

DEPARTED this life Jan. 4th, 1879, four months after the death of his wife, Thomas Swander, father of the Rev. John I. Swander, aged 73 years, 1 month and 3 days.

In the death of father Swander, the First Reformed church, of Tiffin, O., lost one of its most efficient elders and faithful members. He united with this congregation in the year 1834, soon after its organization, and immediately after his removal to the West from the State of New Jersey. He was a devoted member and untiring in his efforts to make his new spiritual home attractive and pleasant. One of its chief adornments was his own Christian example.

Already, in the thirty-second year of his age, he was elected elder of the church, and served acceptably in this capacity up to the time of his death, a period of forty years, with the exception of a few short intervals. As a member of the consistory, he was a good counsellor and faithful elder. Ruling well in his own house, he ruled well in the church. The records show that he was placed on nearly all of the important committees appointed both by the consistory and the congregation. He was often chosen delegate to Classis, where he performed his duties faithfully. When there was a necessity for building a new church, he was one of the building committee, which superintended the erection of the present beautiful edifice, in which the congregation now delights to worship.

He also took a deep interest in the general welfare of the Church, and labored to advance the interests of all her institutions. The discussions, which almost rent our beloved Zion asunder, caused him much pain and anxiety, and he longed and prayed for the peace of Jerusalem to be restored. No one hailed with greater joy the first harbinger of peace, which, to his observing mind, was a sure indication of prosperity and progress.

His funeral took place on the 6th of Jan., from his late residence, four miles east of Tiffin, attended by a large concourse of sympathizing friends and acquaintances. The services were conducted by his pastor, the Rev. L. H. Kefauver, who preached a sermon appropriate to the occasion, from a text selected by the deceased, recorded in the 31st Ps. and 5th verse: "Into thine hand I commend my spirit; thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth."

May his mantle fall upon many of the surviving members of the congregation which he so faithfully served! K.

Acknowledgments.

SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

BENEFICIARY EDUCATION.

Receipts during December.

Hagerstown charge, per Rev J Spangler Kieffer, pastor,	$10 00
Schellsburg charge, per Rev Henry S Garner, pastor,	6 67
Zion's Classis, per Elder Wm A Wilt, Treas,	50 00
Bequest of Miss Anna Mary Brechbill, Boiling Springs, Cumberland county, Pa,	150 00
Amount,	$216 67

MERCERSBURG, Pa., January 1st, 1877. } WM. M. DEATRICK, Treas. of Board Education.

BETHANY ORPHANS' HOME, WOMELSDORF.

Recd from Sciota S Sch, charge of Rev C W Siegel,	$3 00
St Paul's Memorial ch, Reading, B Bausman, D D, cakes,	8 00
Tohickon charge, Rev J Kehm,	15 00
Durham charge, Rev D Rothrock,	6 00
Christ Ref ch Allentown, Rev J Fritzinger,	4 68
Jonathan L Klopp, North Heidelberg, 66 lbs beef,	5 94
A friend of the Home, member of St John's Ref ch, Allentown, Rev S G Wagner,	5 00
Ref cong, Pottstown, Rev L K Evans,	11 66
Mann's Choice, Pa, Rev Wm Aug Gring,	1 25
	$60 53

D. B. ALBRIGHT, Superintendent.

ST. PAUL'S ORPHAN HOME.

From Osnaburg cong, Ohio, per Rev J M Grether,	$2 30
Zion's chge, Pa, per Rev J W Pontius,	15 68
Mission Society 1st Ref ch, La Fayette, Ind, John Shultz,	5 00
S Sch, Medaryville, Ind, Rev H A Schwitchtenberg,	1 00
Ref cong, Apple Creek, Ohio, Rev Edmund Erb,	3 20
Ref cong, Irwin, Pa, Rev J M Titzel,	6 50
Ref S Sch, Bedford, Pa, John P Reed, Esq,	15 00
Ref S Sch, Orbisonia, Pa, Rev John M Schick,	3 00
James E Schwartz, Esq, Pittsburgh, Pa,	5 00
Christian Gerner, Fairview, Pa, Rev J Hannabery,	5 60
Mrs Christian Gerner, "	4 00
Fairview cong, "	11 60
S Tukes, Ref S Sch, Kittanning, Pa, Rev D S Dieffenbacher,	11 55
2d Ref cong and S Sch, Greensburg, Pa, Rev J W Love,	25 00
Emmanuel cong Rev J F Snyder,	7 07
Nevin Harbaugh Snyder, "	2 00
Olive cong, "	3 08
Zion's Evang Ref cong, Buffalo, N Y, Rev J P Kniest,	13 00
Rev P J Reutenik, Boeger's Store, Mo,	2 00
Rev E N Otting, Warren, Ohio,	2 00
M Necklinger, "	25
Catharine Grossenbaugh, Canton, O, per Rev P Herbruck,	5 00
Christmas col S Sch, Martinsburg, W Va, Rev J A Hoffheins,	7 00
Willie Hoffheins, "	55
Reed Christmas offering, St. Paul's ch, Rev C U Heilman,	4 87
Christmas offering Salisberry cong, Rev C U Heilman,	9 18
Rev Albert Krahn, Wabaska, Minn,	3 50
O Barnhart, Kittanning, per Rev D S Dieffenbacher,	5 00
	$178 33

B. WOLFF, JR., Treasurer.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

BETHANY ORPHANS' HOME, WOMELSDORF, PA.

Recd from F Schlide, Sellersburg, Ind,		$15 00
Per Rev John Bachman, from 1st Ref cong, Cincinnati, O,	$10 00	
Miss Lizzie Landmeier,	1 00	11 00
Rev N Gehr, D D, from Zion's cong, Phila,		12 10
Mr John Schultz, from the young men of the 1st Ref cong, La Fayette, Ind,		5 00
Rev J T Rossiter, from 1st Ref ch, Balt,		8 50
From Rev John Roeck, Ebenezer, N Y,		5 00
Per Rev G W Roth, from Tinicum charge, Pa,		10 00
Rev Edmond Erb, Apple Creek, O, from his cong,		2 70
Rev F Trautman, from the 4th Ref cong, Cleveland O, $7 50; from the Ladies' Aid Society, $4 00; Mrs Wagner, $1 00;		12 50
Mr Chas. Suntee, Christmas offering of Christ Ref ch Phila,		11 31
Mr J Heyser, from Zion's Ref S Sch, Chambersburg, Pa,		10 00
Mr H W Shriver, from St Mary's Ref S Sch, Silver Run, Md,		7 00
Rev W E Krebs, from Bloomsburg cong and S Sch, $6.63; R H Koch, 12 cts; from six children of Mr Faus, $3.00;		9 75
Rev Wm Goodrich, Clearspring, Md, from a friend,		5 00
Rev T F Hoffmeier, Middletown, Md, from his cong and S Sch,		19 00
Mr J P Reed, from Ref S Sch, Bedford, Pa,		16 00
Rev F W Kremer, D D, from 1st Ref S Sch, Lebanon, Pa,		20 00
Rev M Treiber, Sandusky, O, from the Sandusky cong,	$5 48	
From the Heron cong,	2.53	8 01
Rev J G Neuber, from Bethlehem S Sch, Philada,		20 00
Rev A Kanne, from Trinity cong, La Crosse, Wis,		3 50
Rev A Schneck, Flora, Jasper Co, Iowa,		11 30
Rev J G Kuhl, from Mrs Schippel, Kelley's Island, O,		5 00
Rev J Dahlman, from Emanuel S Sch, West Philada,		34 00
Per Rev S R Fisher, from Rev L G Kremer, contribution of S S 2d ch, Hagerstown,		2 15
" Christmas collection Clover Creek cong,		
" Rev F A Rupley, pastor,		10 00
" Whitemarsh S S, Rev J D Detrick pastor,		3 74
		$277 56

WM. D. GROSS, Treas.
Box 2147, Philada.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Recd from Prof. Thos. S. Stein, per Rev H Mosser, Reading,		$2 50
Rev D Van Horne, D D, Philadelphia, viz.: Coll Union Meeting Race St and Christ churches,	$26 00	
do Trinity Ref ch,	10 00	
do S Sch Race St ch,	2 45	38 45
Ref ch, Martinsburg, W Va, Rev J A Hoffheins,		6 25

RUDOLPH F. KELKER,
Harrisburg, Pa, Treasurer Foreign Missions.

Youth's Department.

THE CHILD CHRIST.

Jesus a child His course begun,
How radiant dawned his heavenly day!
And those who such a race would run,
As early should be on their way.

His Father's business was His care;
Yet in man's favor still he grew:
O, might we learn, by thought and prayer,
Like Him a work of love to do!

For all mankind He came, nor yet
An infant's visit would deny;
Nor friend nor mother did forget
In His last hour of agony.

O, children, ask Him to impart
That spirit clear, that temper mild,
Which made the mother in her heart
Keep all the sayings of her Child.

Bless Him who said, of such as you,
His Father's kingdom is; and still,
His yoke to bear, His work to do,
Study His life to learn His will.

—*M. F. Ossoli.*

A COASTING PARTY.

BY JOSIE KEEN.

"Sue! Sue! where are my mits? I can't find them anywhere?" exclaimed Willie Dunbar, racing about the house in such an excited condition that his sister asked him if he had not lost his seven senses,

"No, indeed, Sue! they are safe about me somewhere! But I tell you what, if I don't mean to have fun this New Year's day!"

"In what way, Will?"

"Coasting down hill. It is just one glare of ice after yesterday's thawing and freezing; and the new sled Uncle Ed gave me at Christmas shall take the lead. See if I don't come down with flying colors!"

"Heels over head, more likely than not," said George. "It takes you to do the boasting."

"And you, George, to take the starch out of a fellow. Never saw any one like you to throw cold water upon enthusiasm."

"There, boys, don't get to disputing over trifles," said Mrs. Dunbar, as she entered the sitting-room with Will's mittens. "I do wish you would take care of your things, Will, and then your enthusiasm might not come amiss. I'm a little afraid, though, there is more eagerness for fun and frolic in your mind than anything more praiseworthy."

"Should not wonder," replied Will, with a frank, roguish smile, "but, mother, dear, 'all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,' you know, so I'm off to get brightened up."

A loving kiss to his mother, a saucy pinch to one of Susie's ears, and the merry-hearted boy ran off with his sled.

George more slowly buttoned up his overcoat, carefully adjusted his scarf over his ears and around his neck, drew on his mittens, and then started for the hill to see if his predictions did not come true. Slow and deliberate,—nay, rather selfish in his acts,—George often taunted Will for his impulsive ways; but it was easy to see which was the most popular among the boys.

On reaching their favorite coasting place, Will and several of his companions formed in line, and at a given word rushed pell-mell down, each striving to be the first to reach the foot of the hill.

"Hurrah! George," called out Will, "don't stand there for Mr. Jack Frost to nip off your nose. Better get yourself in a glow as we are doing."

"Not a bit of danger that any harm will come to Mr. Self-esteem," said Charley Drake. "Hands in his pockets, ears and nose muffled up, Mr. Jack Frost will take no liberties with him."

Away flew the boys, Will, as he had hoped, "coming out with flying colors," and, with cap waving in hand, stood shouting to the rest as they came swiftly after him.

"Halloo! youngster, what are you grinning at? Some philosophy in your grin, for you look as blue and pinched with cold as can be. What's your name, old fellow?"

"Oh, that's Jim Morton, the drunkard's son. Can't expect him to look anything but pinched with cold."

"Hush, Fred; don't speak so. See, you have made the poor little fellow feel badly. Got no sled, eh? Just take mine, then, and let's see how quickly you can come down that hill. It will set the blood to tingling, I can tell you."

The ready smile came back to the good-natured child, as he exclaimed:

"Surely you don't mean to trust me with that spank and span new sled?"

"Trust you? To be sure, I will; but mind the 'Flying Dolphin' must come out ahead, if possible."

"Sure, and I'm the boy to come out all right, if folks will give me a chance; but it's 'Jim, the drunkard's son,' from morning till night, and never a good word like this from anybody."

A smile and a tear mingled in the poor child's eyes as he drew the sled up hill. One or two of the boys, rather ashamed of themselves after Will's brave, manly act, helped Jim to place himself in line.

"Don't wonder this sled is called the 'Flying Dolphin.' I can't keep the critter still a minute, the runners are so smooth. Hold on, there, till the word is given."

Jim evidently did not mean to take advantage of the other boys, for all they had been so taunting to him. Will, at the foot of the hill, was watching all their movements.

"Pretty fellows we are to enroll ourselves as cadets," said he, "and have a smart, bright chap like that say: 'Never a good word to hear from morning till night.' Think I'll have to see after him."

"What can you do, Will? Now, don't go off upon one of your wild impulses. If the sons can't reform the father, what can you do?"

"Don't talk to me about impulses, George. I may be a harum-scarum in some things, but see if I don't look after that chap, and his father, too. It's about time some of us fellows went to work instead of talking about our Division, our Meetings, and speechifying to no purpose."

Will shut his mouth in a firm, resolute way that meant something; at the same time his hand was thrust into his pocket to see if his porte-monnaie was safe. In it was a new five-dollar bill that his father had given him at Christmas.

George, to whom the same had been given, at once placed it in the savings-bank; but Will, with his mind full of skates, goodies, games, etc., had not yet decided how he would lay out his money. It still burnt in his pocket; but just now kind thoughts were crowding themselves into his warm, impulsive heart, or busy brain. In the meantime Jim, at the nod to go on, was having a good time coasting down hill. His face was now all in a glow, and with a hearty "Thank you, I have had a tip-top time!" the sled was handed back.

Will did not forget the good resolutions formed that New Year's day. A kind word to Jim and Jim's father; help and encouragement when most needed, and ere long he had his reward in seeing great changes in the home of the poor boy.

Kind words and loving deeds, instead of scorn and derision, had indeed accomplished a noble work. And Will's warm, unselfish impulses, as they became more and more guided by Christian principles, made their mark and influence in the world upon others. Even as the boys felt ashamed after his example to again taunt poor Jim, so in after years Will was looked up to as the one to carry out any wise, benevolent or philanthropic scheme.

George, it is true, laid up money and became rich. And in one sense, as "he who doeth well to himself," was courted and referred to as possessing great business faculties, etc., but we doubt if he had as many real, happy hours as Will, or whether the recording angel had as many good deeds to treasure up in the Book by which all are to be judged for good or evil.—*N. Y. Observer.*

The Lord of Life should not be worshipped with faded flowers. Those that grow in thine own garden are far better than any others. With the flowers that are gathered, there must be reverence—itself a flower.—*Purana.*

THE SLEEP OF ANIMALS.

The sleep of winter and that of night are different in those animals which are torpid for months. The bat, the hedgehog, the tawrie, the marmot, the hamster, the tortoise, the toad, snakes, mollusca, spiders, bees, flies, bears, badgers, etc., retire to their closed holes, and in various degrees undergo a temporary death for four, five, six and seven months of the year. They usually roll themselves up, but bats suspend themselves in caves. Those who lay up provisions use them before they become torpid, and on reviving before they venture abroad. Their temperature lowers; their respiration is less frequent, and at times their circulation is reduced; they lose their feeling, their digestive organs are inactive, and they suffer loss of weight. The confined air in which they shut themselves, added to the cold, is one cause of their torpidity. Facts lead to the belief that some birds hibernate.

GIFT-GIVING.

The practice of gift-giving on New Year's Day, which is fast dying out among the Anglo-Saxons, is doubtless another inheritance from the Romans. All through the Middle Ages it was extravagantly maintained. Subjects were expected to offer rich gifts to their sovereign, who returned others, but with a prudent eye to a balance of cost in his own favor. Tenants gave to feudal lords, friends to friends, and families to each other. When pins were first brought into use, about the middle of the fourteenth century, the maker was allowed to sell them only on the 1st and 2d of January. All the court ladies and city dames flocked to the marts to buy them with money provided by their husbands. When these costly necessities became cheap and common women spent their allowances on other fancies, but the term "pin-money" remained in use, and was extended to the sum set apart by a husband on his marriage for the private expenses of his wife. In Paris the day is still recognized as *le jour d'etrennes*, and every body gives presents, ranging in value from a few sous to thousands of francs. It is estimated that the amount spent for bon-bons alone exceeds a hundred thousand dollars.

MAKING THE BEST OF THINGS.

"Oh, George, look there!" said little Annie. The old gray cat just sprang through the window and broke Cousin Mary's beautiful rose-geranium plant all to pieces. Oh, isn't it too bad? How vexed Mary will be about it!"

"My sister don't get vexed about such things, dear little Annie," said the boy. I have never in my life seen her really vexed but once, and that was when she saw some bad boys tormenting a poor cat to death."

"But here she has good reasons to be angry," insisted the little Annie; "no one could help being vexed about it."

A little while afterward Mary herself came into the room. Her pleasant face beamed with the good nature which ruled her mind. She was humming to herself a morning song. But when she saw her beautiful geranium knocked down upon the floor she stood suddenly still. "Ah, who has done that?" she cried with pain.

"The ugly old cat broke it, dear cousin. I saw it myself," said little Annie.

"Poor puss! she did not know what a mishap she brought about. That plant was my favorite among all my flowers. But come, dear Annie, don't make such a long face. We must just try to make the best of it."

"I think there is no 'best' about it."

"Oh, it is not so bad, by any means, as it might have been. The fine stalk isn't hurt, and it will soon put out new shoots. The large branch that is broken off will look very pretty in a bouquet. Shall we not make one at once for mamma? This cluster of scarlet blossoms we will put in a glass, and you may run into the garden and bring some snow-balls and place around it. Then we will set the glass in a saucer, with some geranium leaves and snow-balls around the edge. Mamma will admire the bouquet, for she loves flowers dearly. Now, little one, don't you think there ought to be a best side to the affair? I really think that our puss has done us a kindness in preparing in so unexpected a way a pleasure for us."

"I do believe," replied the little Annie, with surprise, "that you have found the brightest side of it. I could not have done it possibly. I should have felt rather like killing the old cat from anger."—*From the German.*

MAMIE'S WANTS AND WISHES.

I want a piece of talito
To make my doll a dwess;
I doesn't want a big piece—
A yard'll do, I dess.

I wish you'd fed my needle,
And find my fimble, too—
I has such heaps of sewin'
I don't know what to do.

My Hepsy's tored her apron,
A-tumblin' down the stair,
And Cæsar's lost his pantaloons
And needs anuzzer pair.

I wants my Maud a bonnet,
She hasn't none at all;
And Fred must have a jacket,
His uzzer one's too small.

I wants to go to grandma's,
You promised me I might;
I know she'll like to see me—
I wants to go to-night!

She lets me wash the dishes,
And see in grandpa's watch—
I wish I'd free, four pennies,
To buy some butter-scotch.

I wants some newer mittens,
I wish you'd knit me some,
'Cause most my fingers freezes,
They leak so in the fum.

I wored it out last summer,
A-pullin' George's sled;
I wish you wouldn't laugh so—
It hurts me in my head.

I wish I had a cookie—
I'm hungry as I can be;
If you hasn't pretty large ones,
You'd better bring me free.

A WORD TO THE YOUNG.

If you perceive that anything in your ways makes your parents unhappy, you ought to have no peace until you have corrected it; and if you find yourself indifferent or insensible to their will and wishes, depend upon it yours is a carnal, disobedient, ungrateful heart. If you love them, keep their commandments, otherwise love is a mere word in the mouth, or a notion in the fancy, but not a ruling principle in the heart. They know much of the world, you very little; trust them, therefore, when they differ from you and refuse compliance with your desire. They watch over you for your good, and are entitled to great deference and cheerful obedience. You may easily shorten the lives of affectionate and conscientious parents by misconduct, bad tempers, and alienation from their injunctions. Let not this sin be laid to your charge.—*Leigh Richmond.*

AGASSIZ AND HIS FATHER.

A story is told of Agassiz, the great naturalist, which, we believe, has never yet appeared in print.

His father destined him for a commercial life, and was impatient at his devotion to frogs, snakes and fishes. The latter, especially, were objects of the boy's attention. His vacations he spent in making journeys on foot through Europe, examining the different species of fresh-water fishes.

"If you can prove to me," said his father, "that you really know anything about science, I will consent that you shall give up the career I have planned for you."

Young Agassiz, in his next vacation, being then eighteen, visited England, taking with him a letter of introduction to Sir Roderick Murchison.

"You have been studying nature," said the great man, bluntly. "What have you learned?"

The lad was timid, not sure at that moment that he had learned anything. "I think," he said at last, "I know a little about fishes."

"Very well. There will be a meeting of the Royal Society to-night. I will take you with me there."

All of the great scientific savans of England belonged to this society. That evening, when the business of the meeting was over, Sir Roderick rose and said:

"I have a young friend here from Switzerland, who thinks he knows something about fishes; how much, I have a fancy to try. There is, under this cloth, a perfect skeleton of a fish which existed long before man." He then gave him the precise locality in which it had been found, with one or two other facts concerning it. The species to which the specimen belonged was of course extinct.

"Can you sketch for me on this blackboard your idea of this fish?" said Sir Roderick.

Agassiz took up the chalk, hesitated a moment, and then sketched rapidly a skeleton fish. Sir Roderick held up the specimen. The portrait was correct in every bone and line. The grave old doctors burst into loud applause.

"Sir," Agassiz said, on telling the story, "that was the proudest moment of my life—no, the happiest, for I knew, now, my father would consent that I should give my life to science."—*Youth's Companion.*

JACOB'S WELL.

The tradition of Jacob's well is one in which Jews, Samaritans, Moslems and Christians alike agree. Its credibility is thus much increased, for there are only three other sites as to the position of which such unanimity exists, namely, the site of the temple at Jerusalem, and those of Joseph's and Eleazar's tombs. In addition to this argument there are other reasons which lead to the belief that the tradition is trustworthy—the proximity of Joseph's tomb and of Sychar, and finally the fact of a well existing at all in a place abounding with streams, one of which is within one hundred yards' distance. No other important well is found near, and the utility of such a work can only be explained on the assumption that it was necessary for the patriarch to have water within his own land, surrounded as he was by strangers, who may naturally be supposed to have guarded jealously their rights to the springs. By digging the well Jacob avoided those quarrels from which his father had suffered in the Philistine country, pursuing a policy of peace which appears generally to have distinguished his actions.

Pleasantries.

"Sandy, what is the state of religion in your town?" "Bad, sir; very bad! there are no Christians except Davie and myself, and I have my doubts about Davie."

A rumor comes from Paris that bonnets are to be worn on the head hereafter. It strikes us that the head would be a first-rate place on which to wear a bonnet, but such a departure will look a little odd at first.

Teacher—Can you multiply together concrete numbers? [The class appear uncertain.] Teacher—What will be the product of forty apples multiplied by six pounds of beef? Small boy, triumphantly—Mince pies.

A learned clergyman in the State of Maine was accosted in the following manner by an illiterate preacher, who despised education:—"Sir, you have been to college I suppose?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. "I am thankful," rejoined the former, "that the Lord has opened my mouth to preach without any learning." "A similar event," replied the clergyman, "took place in Balaam's time, but such things are of rare occurrence in the present day."

Josh Billings says: "If anybody has hard work of it to please most people, it is an editor. If he omits anything, he is lazy. If he speaks of things as they are, people get angry. If he glosses over or smoothes down the rough points, he is bribed. If he calls things by their proper names, he is declared unfit for his position. If he does not furnish his readers with jokes, he is a mullet. If he does, he is a rattle-head, lacking stability. If he indulges in personalities, he is a blackguard. If he does not, his paper is dull and insipid."

Sunday-School Department.

SCRIPTURE LESSONS.

FEBRUARY 9. LESSON 6. 1879.

Septuagesima Sunday. John iv. 1–10.

THE LIVING WATER.

1. When therefore the Lord knew how the Pharisees had heard that Jesus made and baptized more disciples than John,
2. (Though Jesus himself baptized not, but his disciples),
3. He left Judea, and departed again into Galilee.
4. And he must needs go through Samaria.
5. Then cometh he to a city of Samaria, which is called Sychar, near to the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph.
6. Now Jacob's well was there. Jesus therefore being wearied with *his* journey, sat thus on the well: *and* it was about the sixth hour.
7. There cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water: Jesus saith unto her, Give me to drink.
8. (For his disciples were gone away into the city to buy meat).
9. Then said the woman of Samaria unto him, How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria? for the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans.
10. Jesus answered and said unto her, If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldst have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water.

NOTE.—*Septuagesima* is a Greek word and means *seventy*. This Lord's day is so called because it falls about seventy days before Easter. It is also known as the *Third Sunday before Lent* (Quadragesima Sunday) *forty* days before the fasting season.

COMMENTS.

VERSE 1.—John the Baptist had likely been cast into prison about this time. (Matth. iv. 12.) The Pharisees intended to open a direct persecution against our Lord now, since His influence irritated them still more, because "*Jesus made and baptized more disciples than John.*"

VERSE 2.—It was not becoming for our Lord to baptize any one in His own name and person. He left this act to His disciples. Even the Apostles did not themselves baptize, after Pentecost, as a rule, but left this duty to their assistants. 1 Cor. i. 14–15. They performed the laying on of hands, and imparted the Holy Ghost. Acts viii. 14–17. From this early division of acts, certain Churches ask their Deacons to baptize whilst Bishops confirm.

VERSE 3.—Jesus avoided persecution unto death at this stage of His life and mission, because His time had not yet come. Hence He left Judea. Luke xiii. 31–33.

VERSE 4.—*Samaria.* This is the central district in the Holy Land, lying between Galilee, north, and Judea, south. It was a three days journey.

VERSE 5.—*Sychar.* This was anciently called *Shechem*, and is now known as Neapolis. It lay at the foot of Mount Gerizim, in which the Samaritan Temple was built, about forty miles from Jerusalem. Here Abraham halted on his way from Haran to Canaan. Here Jehovah appeared to him and promised the land to his seed. Here he built an altar to the Lord. Gen. xxxiii. 19. *Sychar* means drunkenness, a crime with which Isaiah charged the Ephraimites, who dwelt there. Is. xxviii. 1–8.

VERSE 6.—*Jacob's Well.* Not one hour's walk from the city was this famous well, dug in a *solid rock, three yards wide and seventy-five feet deep.* Here our Lord sat at mid-day 12 o'clock, and spoke the beautiful words contained in this chapter, in which He compares Himself to the fountain of Eternal Life.

VERSE 7.—Drawing and carrying water was woman's work among the Jews. Gen. xxiv. 11; Ex. ii. 16. It is said, that the young men went to the wells, where maidens were wont to come, to select their wives.

Dr. Schaff says, in his late work, "*Through Bible Lands,*" "there is no reasonable doubt as to the identity of this well. Jews, Mohammedans and Christians are all agreed. The tradition is supported by the landscape, which is a living illustration of the narrative of John. The well is a natural resting-place on the high-road from Jerusalem to Galilee, over which Christ traveled, in the grain-field which Jacob bought, and which was then, as now, whitening to the harvest, (v. 35,) near Joseph's tomb and the town of Shechem, and in full view of Mount Gerizim, to which the woman pointed as the true place of worship." V. 20.

Give me to drink. Here is a strong proof of our Lord's real human nature. That He thirsted shows that He was very man.

VERSE 8.—This was natural, as it was noon. It is not necessary to believe that all the disciples had left Him. Perhaps one or more remained to hear the discourse with the woman. Though Christ may have reported the conversation subsequently. And the citizens themselves may have related the circumstance, too, since our Lord and His disciples tarried there some time. V. 43.

VERSE 9.—The inhabitants of Judea were differently dressed from those in Samaria. Their languages differed too. Mark xiv. 70. In both ways the woman knew Christ to be a Jew.

SAMARITANS. The origin of this people must be learned from earlier records. See 2 Kings xvii. Shalmaneser carried away Israel, that is, the remnant of the Ten Tribes, into Assyria. Tribes from other nations were placed in the cities of Samaria, by King Esarhaddon (Ezra iv. 2, 10) 677 before Christ. These strange people were, of course, idolaters. God's displeasure was kindled, and they were plagued with wild beasts of prey. The king of Assyria sent them a captive priest of Israel, after they made known to him their misery and its cause. This priest taught them how to fear and worship God. But they established a *mixed* system of religion for themselves, partly Jewish and partly Gentile. In this way the Samaritan religion came to be. After the kingdom of Judah returned from their captivity, and commenced to rebuild the Temple in Jerusalem, the Samaritans wished to join in the work; but the Jews would not suffer them, because of their heathen origin. Then the Jews and the Samaritans became open enemies. About 409 years before Christ, a certain priest of Judah, *Manasseh*, was expelled from Jerusalem, by Nehemiah, for an unlawful marriage. Neh. xiii. 28. He obtained permission from the Persian king *Darius Nothus* to build a temple on Mount Gerizim. See 1 Kings xvi. 24–33; xviii. 20, etc. They held to the Five Books of Moses and reject the rest of the Old Testament. From all this we may learn the reason of the animosity which existed between the Jews and the Samaritans.

VERSE 10.—*The gift of God.* Jesus Christ is this gift of God. See John iii. 16; 2 Cor. ix. 16. *Living water.* The water in ponds, pools and cisterns may be styled *stagnant, dead.* That in springs and fountains is *living* water. To the latter kind He compares His Life and Spirit. "As it *quenches* thirst, *quickens* the body, *purifies* from defilement, and renders *fruitful*, so is the life of Jesus a purifying, satisfying, quickening and vivifying element in us, springing up into Eternal Life. ii. 14.

REMARK. As a reservoir to a large city supplies, through its various channels, homesteads and hearts with water, so does Christ convey His life and grace to all hearts and people, by the means of grace. Let us pray with the woman, v. 15.

"HAVING NOTHING."

"Blessed are the poor in spirit." So, then, the more we misgive ourselves, and the more we accuse ourselves, and the less we trust in ourselves, and the less we think of our attainments, whether without Christ or with Him, the nearer we are to heaven. The simple, child-like, self-renouncing, self-abhorring spirit is commonly, in its fullness, the very last of God's gifts, of the Holy Spirit's graces, in the Christian. In early life, in strong manhood, alas! too often to a late old age, there is still a lurking hope that at least we are something, or we are just going to be something, in and of ourselves. Sin itself is often deplored as a humiliation, rather than as unbelief. It has disappointed us about ourselves, even more than it has grieved us as being an ingratitude to Christ, or an affront and an impiety towards God. The entire willingness to be nothing, and to receive everything—nay, not even to receive as though, when given, the grace would be ours; but rather to have nothing, to be nothing still—to be only in Christ, only a creature covered up and hidden and lost in Him—that is a blessedness against which a hopeful person has kicked inwardly almost to the last. He will ask his Father for the portion of goods which falleth to him, rather than stay within that Father's door, just sustained, just lodged, just fed, day by day, but, of his own and for his own, having, and willing to have, nothing.

CHILDREN NOT ALWAYS HAPPY.

It has become a sort of established theory that children are always happy, that there are no cares in the little lives, no pains in the little bones, and no sensitive spots in the little hearts. Consequently, people who are not parents—nay, some who are—actually believe that the years between one and fifteen are years of perpetual bliss, and that it is their duty to moderate this ecstatic condition of things whenever it is in their power to do so.

These people were probably born grown-up, with stiff shirt collars, tight boots, and well stuffed pocket-books, all properly adjusted. They have less sympathy with the little ones than the heated poker has, and the little ones know it at a glance. All day long they utter their "Don't, Billy," and "You mustn't Kate." They restrain the heels, the voices, the hands of those specimens of perpetual motion whenever it is possible. Whatever the children like to eat is at once pronounced bad for them. The heaven-born "sweet-tooth" is a crime, also the general aversion to fat meat, gravy, and spices. It is a joy to such people to dose the small unfortunates with bitter medicine, to tie red flannel about their throats, or put blisters behind their ears. They can do this under pretence of "thinking only of the poor things' good."

How often do these believers in childhood's blissful state send short-legged little ones up long flights of stairs, prefacing the order with "Your bones are young, you know," or, "Children are never tired!" How they will pursue the unfortunate little one into corners and hiding-places, and taking away that enchanting "Jack the Giant Killer," or "Puss in Boots," in large print, and beautiful with colored pictures, substitute the death of some dreadful little good boy—a book got up in diamond type, full of tremendous words, and boasting of one hideous illustration of the good boy in a long-tailed coat and high hat.

People like these crowd into already over-crowded cars, with the words: "These children can all stand up, you know." They "wonder" at mothers who bring their families to see magic-lantern and panoramic exhibitions. "Children are such a bother," they say audibly. Oh, the sensitive little souls that thrill and ache! Oh the suffering that only "mother" knows anything about!

Unhappily, such people are sometimes school-teachers. Children under such instructors are supposed to be little automatons—things to be "kept in order" and made to sit bolt upright while a certain amount of cramming is gone through with. You could not make a teacher of that kind—of whom there are happily but few left—believe that each child is an individual. To such a teacher children are simply a little row of nuisances. Besides, are they not children? and children, even when being "smacked," scolded and bothered, "must be happy."—*New York Ledger.*

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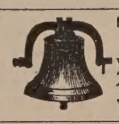

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" Chambersburg	10:30	4:00	6:45	P. M.
" Hagerstown...	11:30	5:00	P. M.	
" Martinsburg...	12:50	6:20		
DOWN TRAINS.	A.M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Lve. Martinsburg...		7:00		2:00
" Hagerstown....		8:25		3:25
" Chambersburg		9:30	1:00	4:33
" Carlisle.....	6:00	10:55	2:20	5:00
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General News.

HOME.

The inauguration of Gov. Hoyt last week is said to have been attended by the largest civic and military procession ever seen in Harrisburg.

Hon. John Cadwallader, United States Judge for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, died in this city on Sunday morning, the 26th inst., in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

The Diocese of New York is the largest branch of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country. It has 195 parishes and 34,803 communicants. Dakota is the smallest Diocese, having but 8 parishes and 318 communicants.

It is estimated that of the 60,000 students in the colleges of the United States, only 25,000 are professing Christians, and fewer than 8,000 are engaged even nominally in any kind of active Christian work. The large number of Christian associations which have been organized within the past few years report about 1,000 conversions.

Cincinnati has 106 Protestant churches, with church property valued at $3,300,700, and 20,822 members. The Methodist Episcopal Church has the largest number of members, or 5,482, the Presbyterians have 3,649, the Baptists, 2,039, the Episcopalians, 1,350, the Disciples of Christ, 1,300, the Reformed Germans, 1,221, and the German Protestants (independents) 1,131. No other denomination has as many as 1,000 members.

The "Week of Prayer" has been widely observed, as far as concerns the holding of meetings, but the meetings have not been so numerously attended as in previous years. The proposition to make it a "month of prayer, which originated in Baltimore, has not found very general favor. In many quarters it is seen that a peculiar influence is supposed to hover around the first week in the year, as though people expected larger and more speedy answers to their petitions offered at this time than to those offered at any other season.

In Michigan is a Congregational Church thirty-eight years old, which has had thirteen different pastors during its existence, or only a little more than two and three-fourths years for each minister. On the other hand, the First Presbyterian Church of Springfield, Mass., is 242 years old, and has had only eight pastors during its entire existence, making an average for each pastor of over thirty years. Before the last pastor came the average had been over thirty-six years, the longest pastorate being that of the Rev. Robert Breck, from 1736 to 1784, forty-eight years. The pulpit is now vacant.

Universalism during the past year made an increase of fifty-two parishes, 500 families, forty-six churches, 2,570 church members and twenty church edifices in the United States and Canada. The value of its church property increased $79,000, and there was a gain of forty-five in the number of Sunday-schools. At the same time the statistics have fallen off in some other respects. There are 912 fewer Sunday-school scholars and eleven fewer preachers. Colleges and academies have diminished in number by one; students in them by 148, and their assets by $100,000. In the United States the denomination has 737 churches and 711 ministers.

Dr. Howard Crosby, of New York, thus sums up the results of a year's war against the groggeries of that city: 1 Shaping and sharpening public opinion; 2. The vertebrating of officers and Judges; 3. The snubbing of the insolent rum power; 4. The shutting up of the lewd theatres (two of them having been made examples of by us); 5. The closing of 1,739 groggeries, so that there are in New York city to day 1,739 less than there were twelve months ago; 6. The laying bare of the source of the trouble; the cause of difficulty in enforcing law, to wit: Weakness of Judges inflicting the least penalties, and wickedness of Excise Commissioners licensing all the dens of infamy as "hotels;" 7. The formation of a rallying centre for law and order. The Doctor says that these blessings have been brought by the Lord and the use of $4,000, and he trusts in the Lord for 1879, whether the dollars come or not.

FOREIGN.

A compulsory education bill has been presented in the French House of Deputies.

The last vessel in the Navy of the Pope, the Immaculate Conception, has just been sold at Toulon.

Mahometans claim that the original Gospel has been lost, and that the true version is a verbal one which Christians do not possess.

A Catholic Congress at Lisle, France, recently recommended the abandonment of hunting and fishing parties on Sunday, and the avoidance of Sunday travel.

LONDON, January 27.—The *Post's* Berlin dispatch says: "It is understood that Prince Bismarck has expressed himself in favor of a transit duty on foreign goods passing through German territory."

There is a remarkable Sewish synagogue in the ancient city of Prague, with walls so thick with dirt as to be absolutely black. A local tradition says that somewhere on its walls the name Jehovah is inscribed, and it is belived that if the walls are cleaned the name will be effaced.

A Berne dispatch says that the Old Catholic Synod of this canton, by a vote of 27 to 17, has condemned the recent amnesty to the Catholic priests of the Bernese jura as undemocratic and injurious to Christianity. Bishop Herzog voted with the minority.

A new synagogue, said to be one of the finest of its kind in Europe, and costing $220,000, exclusive of the grounds, has been opened in Warsaw. Instead of the Jews flocking to Palestine, they are said to be gathering in large numbers in the Russian cities.

LONDON, January 27.—The *Post's* Berlin correspondent telegraphs that it is announced in diplomatic circles that England intends to definitively purchase Cyprus to avoid complications arising from the nominal continuance of the sovereignty of the Sultan. A million pounds sterling have been offered, which the Sultan will probably accept.

The Vatican Organ, the *Voce della Verita*, declares that after eight years' expenditure and efforts by British and American Protestants, and notwithstanding the motley elements to be found in Rome, with its 286,000 inhabitants, "these missionaries of Satan have scarcely inscribed 700 persons on their tablets of perdition, while in other Italian towns the failure has been even greater.

Connected with the Roman Catholic Church in India, Ceylon, Burmah and Siam, there were in 1877 23 vicars apostolic, 21 bishops, 1,098 priests, 1,088,309 professing members of the various churches, besides 1,422 schools, containing 51,494 pupils. The greater part of the natives professing the Roman Catholic faith are descended from the converts made by the Jesuit missionaries of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

The Waldensian Mission churches of Italy recently held their fourth General Conference in Turin. The conference was composed of 101 members, and the topics discussed were largely practical. The statistical report showed 39 churches, 24 stations, 2,560 in regular communion, 15,323 occasional hearers, 393 catechumens, 281 members received during the year, 1,749 pupils, in Sunday-schools, 43,285 lire amount of the year's contribution. Reports made to the synod represent the state of the Church as being most gratifying.

ST. PETERSBURG, January 24.—The *Golos* complains of the delay in the signing of the definitive treaty between Russia and Turkey; advises the Russian Government not to hurry about the evacuation, and says that Russia's opponents are intriguing to delay the settlement of Eastern Roumelian questions until the departure of the Russian army. "It is therefore advisable," says the *Golos*, "that the troops should remain at Adrianople until April, so that the Porte may still feel the influence of their presence when the result of the election of a Prince of Bulgaria is declared."

VIENNA, January 26.—The International Sanitary Commission, which met here to take precautions against the spread of the plague, has concluded its labors for the present. It has decided that the regulations relative to arrivals from Russian ports, can, if necessary, be applied to arrivals from ports on the lower Danube. Herr Finkelnburg, the German delegate to the International Sanitary Commission, has started for Berlin. The *Montags Revue* says Herr Finkelnburg declared that should the plague increase Germany would establish a military cordon of 80,000 men on her frontier, and that the order for their mobilization was ready.

LONDON, January 27.—In a Berlin dispatch to the *Post*, it is stated that Russia complains thas the Austrian and German measures to prevent the spread of the plague are unnecessary and threaten to materially cripple Russian commerce.

Farm and Garden.

WHERE RED CLOVER CAME FROM.—Red clover came from Flanders to England, and from England to the United States. Its adoption was strongly urged by Sir Richard Weston in 1645, who saw it growing near Antwerp in 1644, and noticed the speed of its growth and how soon it recovered after mowing. In ten years it had spread through the kingdom and made its way to Ireland.

CARROTS FOR FOOD.—Carrots form a palatable and nutritious food for almost every species of stock. They may be given unboiled, mixed with cut hay or straw. There are few things that will better support the horse, while colts are brought into excellent condition when fed with them. To the cow they afford a wholesome food, coloring and flavoring the butter agreeably. The hog eats carrots ravenously and thrives upon them.

BARN DOOR OWLS.—Mr. Alfred Ellis, of Leicestershire, England, has been carefully protecting the white or barn owl upon his estates. He has attracted the birds by building rough stone towers, in appearance as much like a ruin as may be; putting up hollow trees in the coverts and covering them with ivy, and sometimes confining a pair of owls therein for a few weeks in order to accustom them to use these abodes. His efforts have been very successful, as the owls have bred freely, and almost any evening the birds may be seen leaving their safe retreats to take their nightly flight in search of mice, beetles, etc. Sometimes an owl may be observed beating a freshly-cut hay-field for mice as regularly as a pointer would for birds. They are perfectly harmless to pigeons, and have used the same loft, and only wage war on the mice and young rats, which are well-known destroyers of their eggs and young. The owls have been established some years, during that time Mr. Ellis has examined quantities of the pellets which they eject from the stomach; these consisted entirely of the bones and indigestible remains of rats, mice and small birds.

COVERING GRAPE VINES.—In some localities the hardiest vines never need covering. But there are occasionally severe winters when even the most hardy are benefited by protection. Intense cold often blunts vitality when it does not destroy. At such times a vine which has been covered will open its leaves in spring before one which has been fully exposed has fairly swelled its buds. Many are deterred from covering their vines because they take a laborious way for doing it. They need not usually place earth upon them. It is often quite sufficient to prostrate them, holding them in place by sticks of stove wood, or with bricks, or with flat stones. An additional thin or partial covering with corn stalks will be useful in protecting from sharp winds and in holding the snow. Earth, if heavy and compact, tends to rot the buds if they have not ripened well, or if left on a few days too long in spring. Winter covering has another advantage. It renders late autumn pruning safe—an operation too often postponed till too late when left till spring.

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Philadelphia, Jan. 25th, 1879.

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	" Fancy	4.75@4 80
	Rye	2 62½@2 87½
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	" Red	1.05@1 05½
	Rye	53@55
	Corn, Yellow	42½@44
	" White	42@43
	Oats	30@32
	Barley	95@1.00
GROCERIES.	Sugar, Cuba	6⅜@6⅝
	" Refined cut loaf	9⅜@10
	" " crushed	9¼@9½
	" " powdered	9⅜@9⅝
	" " granulated	8⅝@9⅜
	" " A	8⅝@9
	Coffee, Rio gold	9½@16½
	" Maracaibo gold	14½@18
	" Laguayra gold	14@16
	" Java gold	23@26
PROVISIONS.	Mess Pork	9 50@10.00
	Dried Beef	15@17
	Sugar cured Hams	8@9
	Lard	6¾@7
	Butter, Roll extra	13@15
	Butter, Roll Common	7@9
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	" Common	15@20
	" Grease	3½@6
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